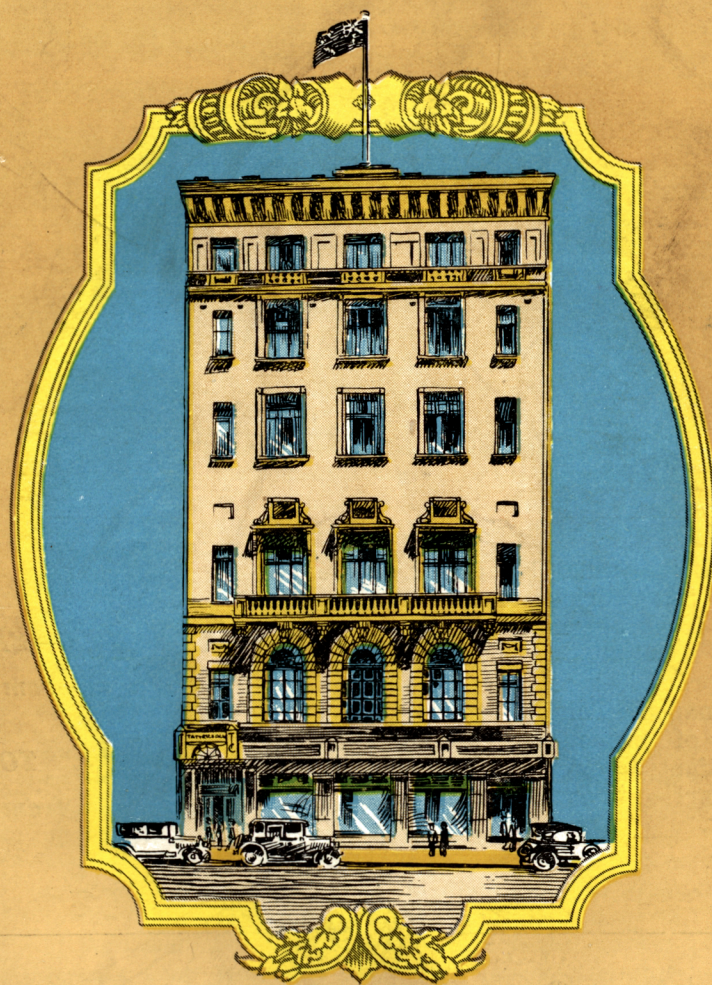


TATTERSALL'S CLUB (SYDNEY)

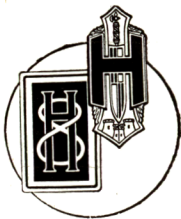
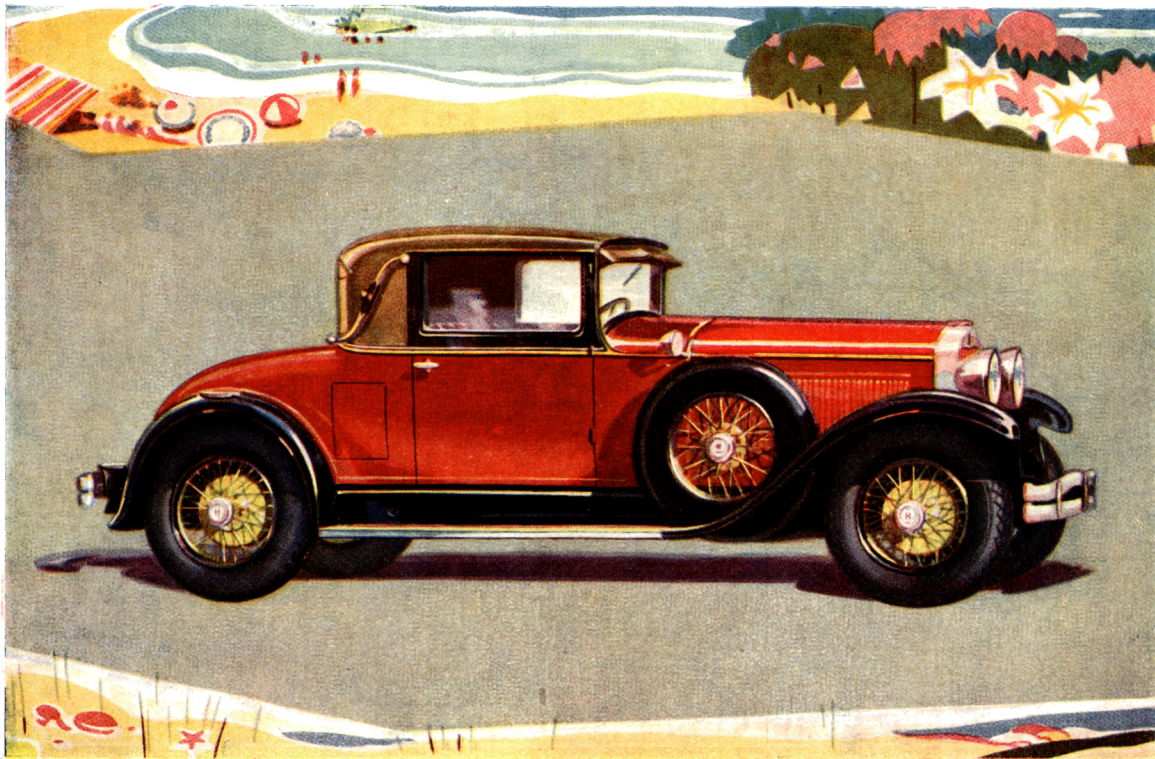


MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 7, 1929.

Vol. 1—No. 9.

Two-Seater Cabriolet



HOWEVER much the owner of the Century Six Cabriolet may pride himself on the fresh charm of its sweeping lines, and harmonious colouring, he is likely to prize it most for its spirited performance. This is distinctly a personal car of pronounced individuality and brilliant ability. An extra couple may be carried in great comfort in the dickey seat.

SEDANS

from - £595

TOURERS

from - £485

New ————— 1929 ————— Century

HUPMOBILE

PHIZACKERLEYS LIMITED :: 169-171 Elizabeth St., SYDNEY
Telephone: M 2561

TATTERSALL'S CLUB (Sydney) MAGAZINE

Vol. 1. No. 9.

October 7, 1929.

Price Sixpence

Spring and Sport

Tattersall's Club Sydney

Established 1858



Chairman:

A. C. INGHAM

Treasurer:

Ald. J. M. Dunningham,
M.L.A.

Committee:

Thomas Hannan
Herbert Hourigan

George Marlow

J. H. O'Dea

John A. Roles

J. H. Saunders

F. G. Underwood

W. H. Whiddon

Secretary:

T. T. Manning

Spring is in the air again, and as we go to press the Spring Meeting at Randwick is afoot, and until the 12th instant people in their tens of thousands will view the running of the Derby and the other great events, and socially Sydney will be in a whirl. After the gloom of and down the bush hillsides again, and here in the winter, with its cold and rain, the wattle is waving up Botanic Gardens, of which our city is justly proud, azaleas and rhododendrons and a hundred other gorgeous growths tell with a wonderful variety of colour that winter has passed, that Spring is over the land, and that summer is not far distant.

As far as the Club is concerned, already one notes a carnival spirit pervading thought and conversation. It is fine to see the sun-browned men from up country foregathering for the racing carnival; it is good to chat with them of matters appertaining to the land and to hear their cheery comments as to what the recent well-distributed rains have meant to the State in general. It is all well enough for city people to think that Sydney runs the State, but these men from the wide, open spaces of the North and West give reminder that Sydney would not be bounding ahead, nor would it, in fact, be progressing much, were it not for the wealth of the countryside that buttresses the city.

And with the coming of spring and warmer weather the athletic side of the Club is getting busier. Attendances are increasing in the swimming pool, and ere long members will be crowding into it and taking advantage of the facilities provided for health-giving exercise. Most men are only too anxious to keep fit and well, and it is hardly necessary, we think, to draw attention again to the valuable appointments of the athletic department of the Club. The possession of them differentiates Tattersall's Club from any other club premises in Australasia, and it is therefore worthy of notice that the committee is alive to the importance of the physical exercise side of Club life. The provision of an up-to-date buffet service is proving popular, and it is hard to imagine anything more pleasurable than the opportunity thus afforded to the busy man of business of having ready and convenient opportunity to cool off in the coming days of summer by having a welcome dip in the swimming pool and then to indulge in refreshments by means of the buffet service.

Indulging in the many forms of exercise provided in the Athletic Department is a pleasant and companionable way of fostering a good Club spirit.

Contents



	Page.
Spring and Sport ..	1
Tramping in Papua..	2
When New Zealand Scooped the Pool..	7
The Abrolhos Islands..	9
Racing in England ..	10
Motoring ..	15
Mangrove Nights ..	19
Presentation to Mr. Jas. Barnes ..	23
Personal Club Notes	27
Club Notes ..	31
Billiard Tournament	31
Obituary ..	31
Thoughts About Thinking ..	37
In the Card Room ..	39

Tramping in Papua

Jungles and Gorges

(C. Price Conigrave.)

(Part II.)

The prospect of being far away up in the hinterland with no carriers was not too pleasing, and whilst No. 1 and I argued the point, sixty odd other brown scalliwags watched the duel. We both sang "hymns" at one another, and I don't to this moment savee what he called me in his native lingo, but I have a cute idea that it was something awfully rude. Anyway, I won the round, and as I scribble in a Sydney city room I think of my rattan cane stick, which I cut out of the jungle and carried into the mountains and back again, and it instinctively reminds me of this big boss boy with his "fly away" hair sticking up about 9 inches on top of his cranium. I have an idea that sometimes back in his village he thinks of it too!

As we tramped inland from Arapokina we passed through typical tropical jungle. The calls of birds, and particularly the raucous screech of the hornbill, rang through the wooded world, but for the most part the birds themselves were not seen. Kendall has written of "The liturgy of leaves" as the evening breeze shivered up and down an Australian hillside, but in Papua a sombre, far-reaching, mighty-toned chorus takes the place of liturgy. In Papua, something always is lurking at the back of things, and though the forest and jungle is wonderful to a degree, a brooding terror, a suggestion of tragedy, seems to possess

it. Missing is all the sparkle and the sunshine of an Australian woodland, with the full-throated notes of the butcher-bird ringing through the dells. I won't forget readily our walk from Arapokina up through



In the Owen Stanley Ranges, Central Papua.

the foothills of the Owen Stanley Range to Kabuna, for it was through a world of leaves! Some were the size of a shilling, and from that minimum, through every gradation of size and shape, one's sight ranged till it fell on a huge leaf, the size of an elephant's ear



DOBBS HATS

The famous Cavanagh Edge Process puts the permanent style and long wear into the Dobbs Darcey, one of the Spring styles that promises to be a leader in the comprehensive assortment of Dobbs Hats now ready for inspection. Exclusively at Richards.

Everything we carry in Men's Wearables is the same high quality as Dobbs Hats and Caps.

F. V. RICHARDS

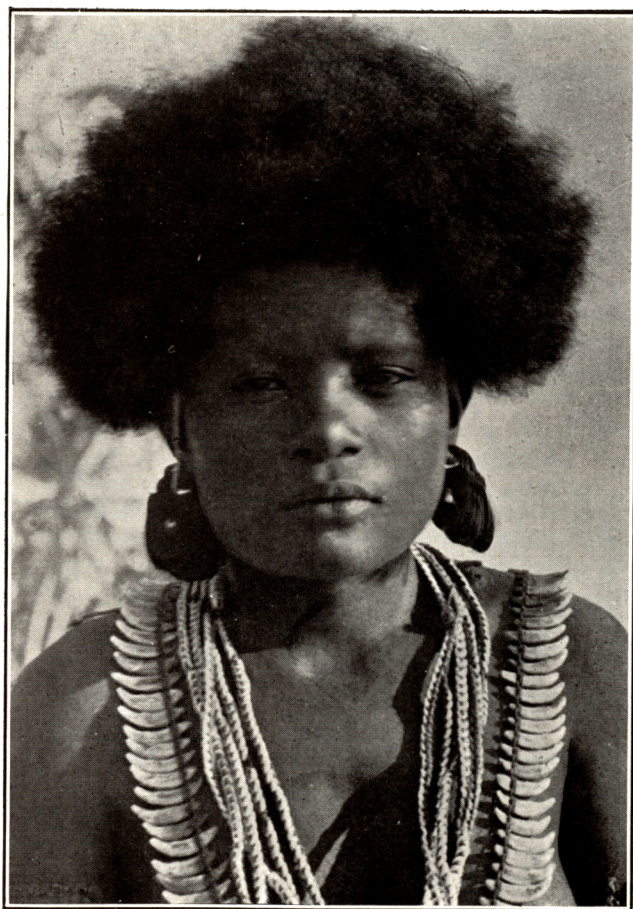
The New Way Store for Men.

47 Castlereagh Street, at Rowe Street

THE FINEST MAN'S STORE IN AUSTRALIA.

that flip-flapped in the mountain breeze. There were trees hundreds of feet in height, graceful palms with huge umbrella-like tops, gigantic clumps of bamboos, undergrowth impenetrable; ferns in all their remarkable variety grew on every hand, rich moss and many a lichen caught one's eye, but to me, personally, it was a world of leaves.

And so through such scenes we came to Kabuna, an outstation of the Yule Island Mission, and presided over by the good Father Pinaud. When within a mile of the station we heard the noise of tumbling waters as they made their way over rapids and through the dark, soggy jungle to the ultimate open sea. To the east the huge bulk of the Main Range (as the



A Papuan Village Belle.

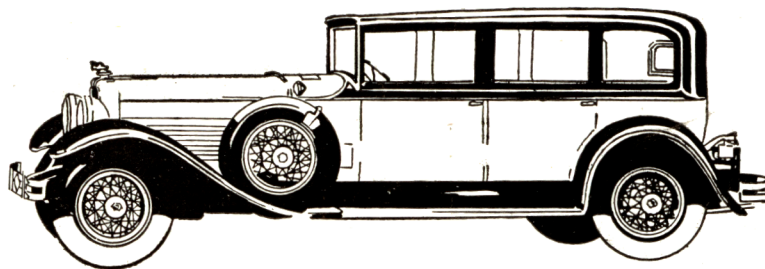
Owen Stanley Range is always called) lifted above the open cleared lands that nowadays surround the Kabuna Mission. Close by, a picturesque stretch of the Kabuna River was spanned by a good example of the remarkable native rattan suspension bridges. Giant cables were fastened securely to strong trees on either hand, and pulled taut, and from those supports the under structure was built. These bridges are met with in the coastal districts of Papua, and also up in the mountains. Their life is about six months, when, owing to dry rot having weakened the cables, they have to be renewed.

At Kabuna we were enabled to leave our mosquito nets behind, for on the higher ground and in the mountains no mosquitoes or sandflies, such as make life a hell in the Mekeo district, are found. Indeed, if the weather be kindly and the heavy rains hold off, the tramp from Kabuna by way of Iki-Iki to Fofofoto (denoting the call of a bird) can be very delightful. For over 20 miles the little narrow track that we followed wound in and out and up and down, having been veritably carved out of the living jungle. One had no need to wear a hat, for the fierce, tropical sun was powerless to pierce the leafy roof above. But, though the temperature was pleasantly cool, the feeling increased as we progressed into that strange jungle and forest world that we had been inviolately cut off from the great, living, pulsating universe outside. In other words, we had been swallowed up by a wet, shady, soggy something from which one could get no outlook, either above or to either side of our line of march, where, from saddle-backed ridges, the country dropped, we knew, thousands of feet to immense ravines and gorges, the actual sight of which was hidden by the dense, damp forest that stank with an overplus of water. Speak not of wet country until one has trudged across Papua! All things considered, therefore, it was good to call a halt for lunch at Iki-Iki, and we were not sorry late in the same day to pull up at Fofofoto. There was no settlement at either place, but I remember our carry boys' amusement at the attempts of Dr. Nicholls and myself to pronounce correctly the somewhat remarkable latter name. The quicker one could rattle it out, making much splutter in the attempt, incidentally, seemed to win favour from the quick-eared Papuans with an appreciation of the intricacies of their strange dialect. And so we camped overnight at Iki-Iki before we proceeded to Djennie, and on into the vast silences of the great, wet mountains. At Djennie we seemed to be on the very edge of the world. After having travelled for many miles through the jungle, in many places knee-deep in evil-smelling mud, we came suddenly to a space from where we obtained an uninterrupted view of a mighty valley, which extended for many miles towards the west. Behind us was the great phalanx of trees through which we had travelled; in front, a deep, ominously silent valley, the farther side of which—two miles distant—developed into a long line of precipitous mountains, whose exposed, wet rock faces glistened in the sunlight. In the immediate foreground several trees, whose roots sprang from 15 feet down the mountain side, stood out sharp and clear against the distant hazy blue, their gigantic forms draped about with immense masses of parasitical creepers, which hung in graceful festoons of living verdant green.

From far below down in the gorge we heard the harsh, discordant screech of the hornbill—for Papua wouldn't seem Papua if that were absent. Tree ferns, whose fronds waved 40ft. above the moss-covered undergrowth, lifted their feathery-like outlines clear of the wild tangle of vegetation beneath, and in so doing seemed to throw into even greater relief the great mountains away behind and beyond. But we were not to enjoy the wonderful view for long; there was a deep

America's Leading Automobile

Exclusive to the superb Stutz and Blackhawk are the double-adjustable seats. Ask to have this unique feature demonstrated.



Placing your weight low means—Safety—Comfort—Elegance. "STUTZ" weight is pyramided.

IT TAKES 10 OTHER CARS TO GIVE YOU THESE STUTZ ADVANTAGES:

- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Valve-in-Head. | 4. Dual Carburettor. | 7. Overhead Camshaft. |
| 2. Safety Glass. | 5. Double Drop Frame. | 8. Ryan-lites. |
| 3. 4-speed Transmission. | 6. One-thrust Lubrication. | 9. Worm Drive. |
| | | 10. Twin Ignition. |

Stutz Low-Weighted Safety
Lowers Floor Line 20 %

Stutz "No Back" Device
Prevents Car from Rolling Backwards.

Stutz Booster Brakes
Alters Pressure on Brakes

WHAT A COMBINATION OF SAFETY WITH PERFORMANCE.

STUTZ IS A LEADER WHICH APPEALS TO LEADERS

Take the wheel of one of these remarkable cars—drive it any distance—and we predict that "STUTZ" or "STUTZ BLACKHAWK" will be your next car's name.

The New

SAFETY STUTZ

AND BLACKHAWK CARS.

JONES & BARLOW MOTORS LTD. 77-79 WILLIAM ST., SYDNEY

Phone FL 4584



growl of distant thunder and a few vivid flashes of lightning. In a few short minutes battalions of heavy rain clouds swept up the valley with the full force of a high wind behind them. Trees bent before the blast, festoons of living creepers swayed to and fro as if in the grip of mighty, unseen human hands, and deluging rain set in. The landscape had become desolate and full of despair it seemed, and I can imagine no lonelier scene than that in the Main Range when the world becomes blotted out with dramatic suddenness at the angry insistent behest of the mountain storm king. For the most part we experienced rain every afternoon in the mountains, and for one's comfort it was essential to finish the day's tramp before midday. Now and again circumstances militated against our doing so, however, and, as a result, we were caught when on tramp by drenching rain clouds, and if there be anything more miserable than having to make a Papuan mountain camp when rain has been pelting down for hours previously, I have yet to experience it. We outbackers and bushmen take loneliness, I suppose, as part of the natural order of things. I've had my share of it, God knows, but a man would be peculiarly constituted if he did not return to civilised parts from inland Papua with the memory of the great, almost tangible solitariness that seems to be part and parcel of the place firmly implanted on his mind. Kipling said of the sludgy, squidgy creek in the road to Mandalay that "the silence 'ung that 'eavy yer was 'arf afraid to speak," and to those of us who know the jungle and who understand its varying moods those words are wonderfully true.

There was a sense of secret satisfaction, on the other hand, when, having camped before the onslaught of rain commenced, we had an evening meal, whilst outside the tiny palm house that served as rest-house, the rain swished down and thunder reverberated up and down the great gorges and valleys.

I picture such a scene as I scribble these lines in the clamant city. Nearby, in a larger shelter-house than the one occupied by Nicholls and myself, the contingent of our dusky carriers huddled round several fires, over which, in tins, they cooked their rice and other kai-kai. There was much talk and argument, and if there ever comes into being a Papuan Parliament comprising native Papuans among its sitting members, the Hansard staff will have to keep sharp pencils and be prepared to write rapidly. When the Papuan lad gets excited at meal times oratory flows with a vengeance. It was curious, by the bye, in this connection, to observe the cliqueism and very apparent feeling that existed among the carry boys who happened to have come from different villages far away down in the coastal country. There were twenty cut-throats from Bioto in our entourage, there was another little lot from Cheria, on Yule Island; still another from Rari, down in the Mekeo country, and so on. Each clique kept to itself and cooked its rice in its particular tin. And so, in half a dozen dialects, the men talked and jabbered for an hour or two after the sun had gone down.

Nicholls and I—he with his cigarettes and myself with an old pipe that's been round and across Aus-

tralia with me—lazed back and yarned of what we had seen during the day's march, and as to what was likely to occur on the morrow. We discussed the varied opinions we had heard expressed on Papua by men whose heads have grown grey since this strange, tropical land claimed them. There was the view mentioned, for instance, by the old planter who we met on the coast, and who could see no good in the present administration, or "Murray's gang," as he impolitely referred to the Service that is ably presided over by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray. Everything had gone to the dogs, in this old planter's opinion, since Sir Hubert (but that wasn't what he called him) had brought in a system of administration whereunder the native Papuan gets a fairer spin than seemed to be the case in the "old days." Then we recalled also the good missionary father, who, after having lived in Papua for over thirty years, told me in the quiet of the evening, as we sat enjoying his hospitality: "Mr. Conigrave, Papua is a land not for the white man—it is for the cassowary and the wild pig. It is a land of plenty-time, a land of one long to-morrow and no to-days. A land where one day one has kerosene and no lamp, another day one has the lamp, but no kerosene." All of which, I fancy, smacks of truth. But Papua, with all its inherent cruelty and relentlessness, will always, methinks, utter a siren-like call to the strong and self-reliant souls of the earth, and once they fall under her spell, despite heat and oceans of sweat and mosquitoes and fever and general discomfort—in the outside districts the latter being of no small kind—it proves a lasting and binding summons. This is the better understood after having read staid official reports covering the Papuan administration. Such documents make up romance itself, when one realises the character of exploratory work, for instance, carried out unostentatiously, and almost without knowledge of the outside world, by younger members of the Public Service of the Territory.

Our tramp from Djennie to Dilava took us five hours, and here I should explain that travelling in Papua is never reckoned in miles, but in travelling time. For instance, from one point to another is said to take "two little hours" or "two big hours," and so on. We kicked off from Djennie just as dawn flushed the east, it being something eerie to see the carriers, like black shadows, going ahead of us with their loads, as we dropped in a series of sharp zig-zags over 2000ft. into a great river valley, along which for many miles our route lay. As the light strengthened we saw here and there through the forest mountains standing immutable and silent as fate. To me, somehow, the general make-up of the country thereabouts was strangely reminiscent of Australia. There were bits of the Federal Pass between Katoomba and Leura, except that one missed the calls of the lyre-birds. The fern-covered rocky dells were like those I know so well in the Leeuwin Peninsula, in Western Australia, where, when the wild nor'wester whips the ocean to foam, the flying showers of salt spray bathe the huge karri trees which keep guard along the south-western coastline of our Continent.

(To be continued.)

Surplus Value

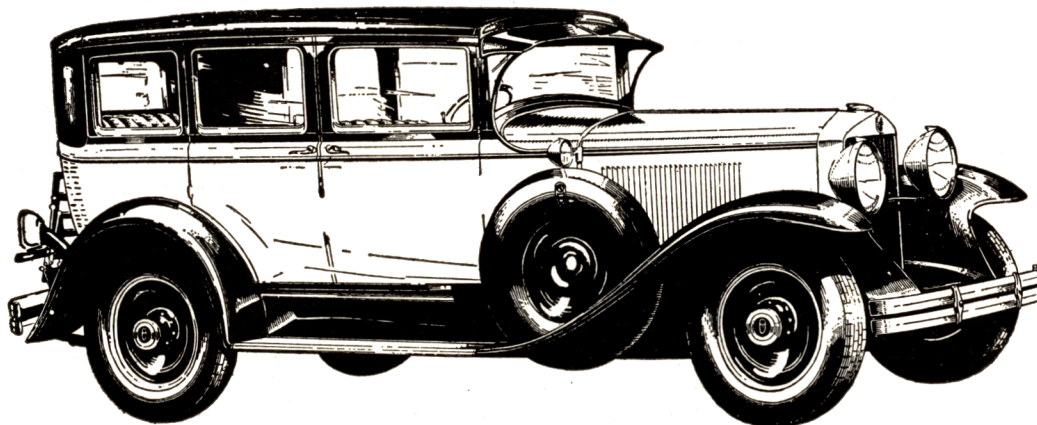
In MODEL 612



Graham-Paige offers a variety of body types, including Roadsters, Cabriolets, Coupes, and Sport Phaetons, on six chasses, in sixes and eights, at a wide range of prices.

Owners are telling our dealers that they purchased the Graham-Paige Model 612 because of the surplus value it reveals. We urge you to examine this car, to make your own comparisons, and to enjoy a demonstration.

*Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham*



The Motor for example—

2½ in. balanced crankshaft supported in seven extra large bronze back interchangeable main bearings; thermostatically controlled cooling with water jackets extending the full length of cylinder bore and completely surrounding valve seats; adjustable silent chain timing; positively

driven gasoline pump, water pump and generator; constant clearance aluminium alloy pistons; exhaust from front of engine keeping heat away from driving compartment; engine mounted at four points on rubber.

Distributors for N.S.W.

W. H. LOBER & CO., LTD.

Prices from
£349.

147 William Street.

::

Phone: FL 2471

And at 129 Phillip Street, Sydney. Phone: BW 7141

**IMMEDIATE
DELIVERY**

"To Sell Well is to Serve Well."

GRAHAM-PAIGE

When New Zealand Scooped the Pool

Echoes of the 1905 Invasion

Probably the greatest array of horses that has crossed the Tasman in any one season made the trip for the Spring Carnivals this year, and almost from the time the thoroughbreds sported silk here some of our prize-money went to owners whose greatest intersets were bestowed in the Dominion. They have provided us with many thrills, and we are always pleased to have them here. At Tattersall's Spring Meeting last month New Zealand owners and trainers started horses in four races. They won three—the Tramway Handicap, Spring Handicap and Welter Handicap—also provided the runner-up in two of them—Paquito second to Nightmarch in the Spring Handicap and Cimabue second to Ceremony in the Tramway Handicap. One might be pardoned for calling it New Zealand's Day, and by so doing recall the successful and memorable invasion of our Spring attraction by horses from the shaky island in 1905. That year New Zealand horses won 12 races at the A.J.C. Spring Meeting and took the whole programme on Metropolitan Day. Large in number and formidable in talent as is the invasion this year, Australian sportsmen do not expect them to sweep the boards, but, with strong representatives in the A.J.C. Derby, the Epsom Handicap and the Metropolitan, the New Zealanders should at least have a profitable period. By the time members receive this issue of the Club magazine the A.J.C. meeting will be well on the way to completion, but for all that the story of the 1905 invasion should be the more interesting. With most racing enthusiasts the main attraction of the first day of the A.J.C. Spring Meeting is the Epsom Handicap, for the reason that it invariably provides greater scope for investments, and there is nothing more disconcerting to the Australian patron of racing than to have his wagering curtailed by small fields. For those people who attend meetings at Randwick in the Spring solely because of the importance of the fixture, the race for the Derby stands foremost in their hearts. And at the remarkable 1905 carnival, remarkable for the way in which visiting horses romped home with monotonous regularity so to speak, New Zealand set the ball rolling by taking no less a race of importance than the classic for three-year-olds. This was won by the chestnut colt Noctuiiform, the property of Mr. G. G. Stead, the successful rider being L. Hewitt, whose handling of his mounts was also a feature of the meeting. Not only did Mr. Stead collect first prize-money, but he also provided the runner-up, the bay colt Sun God, also by Multiform and from that good brood mare, Otterden. Present-day racegoers will be interested to know that Sun God was ridden by F. D. Jones, who has since made many visits to Australia and who is now well known as the trainer of the champion, Limerick, and of Mr. H. A. Knight's other horses. Noctuiiform was the elect of the stable and went out equal second favourite with Lady Wallace, ridden by the Randwick trainer of to-day, F. Hickey. Charles Stuart, with the great Bobby Lewis in the saddle, was a 2 to 1 favourite, while Sun God, Mr. Stead's second

string, was at any old price. Charles Stuart was the first to get into his stride, but he soon gave way to Sun God, who was entrusted with the pacemaking. Setting a sound pace, Sun God turned out of the straight three lengths from Binnia, ridden by J. Barden, another of our present-day Randwick trainers, Noctuiiform and Lady Wallace, with Charles Stuart a couple of lengths further back. Noctuiiform slightly reduced his stablemate's advantage after passing the seven-furlongs post, but, with five furlongs to go, Sun God drew out again to the extent of five lengths from Noctuiiform with Charles Stuart now in third place a length and a half away, with Lady Wallace close to him. There was a little anxiety with most of the enthusiasts at that stage, for there seemed a chance of Sun God coming to the rescue of the bookmakers. Suddenly the scene underwent a beneficial change. It was soon realised that Noctuiiform had always been galloping within himself, and each time Hewitt had given him almost a free hand he moved up nicely. Noctuiiform began to close the gap as they came to the turn, and he swung into the straight on the heels of his stablemate. He then careered away from the others, and won by no less a margin than eight lengths from Sun God, while Lady Wallace was a similar distance away third. Charles Stuart was nearly 20 lengths from the winner when the race was over. The mile and a half was run in 2 mins. 32½ secs.

Six Out of Six

The second day of the meeting was a triumph for the Dominion, and a sporting writer of the day penned that "never in the history of the turf in Australasia has such a series of successes been achieved by New Zealand horses outside the boundaries of that colony, and in the future, Metropolitan Day, 1905, will, in all probability, be referred to as New Zealand's Day." New Zealand has not repeated the dose, but many thousands of pounds in stake-money and wagers have since been remitted across the water, and Derby and Metropolitan wins have augmented the totals enormously.

On the second day of the meeting 24 years ago, Mr. D. J. Price, still among the astute judges of horse-flesh of the day, provided the winner of The Shorts. This was the speed machine, Machine Gun, whose five furlongs in 58 secs. and with 11st. 5lb. on his back at Riccarton in November, 1904, still stands as the Australasian record. Five furlong races for other than two-year-olds are not now included in programmes in the eastern States of Australia, but they are run on the Cheltenham course at Port Adelaide, and the record time is three-quarters of a second slower than that registered by Machine Gun. That Australian record is held conjointly by Jules Jordan and Triangle, and, singularly enough, each carried 21lbs. less than Machine Gun. Hollette and Handsome were preferred to Machine Gun in The Shorts of 1905, but Machine Gun lumped his 10st. 13lbs. like a tradesman. He drew up with the pacemaker, Medallist, at the half-mile,

and, taking control in the straight, won by a length and a half in 1 min. 14½ secs. In the second race that day Mr. G. G. Stead served up a right royal hot favourite for the Spring Maiden Stakes of a mile and a quarter. Maiden races are not now included in Randwick programmes. On Isolt, a three-year-old filly by Multi-form from Bellicent, admirers had to lay 5 to 4. It was a safe investment. Isolt opened up a two lengths lead passing the mile post. She was not headed again and won almost pulling up by five lengths.

Maniopoto's Surprise

And then came the biggest shock of the meeting. Maniopoto won the Metropolitan. On the first day he carried a great amount of money—in fact, started favourite—in the Epsom Handicap, and did not run into a place. Beaten in the straight, he finished eighth. This in itself was a sufficient set-back for his followers. But Maniopoto had a way all his own, and in the Metropolitan he gave Freddie Jones a most comfortable ride. Maniopoto was owned by Mr. H. E. Good, and was by Soult from Lady Fisher. The horse did not believe in supplying a thrill. He won by seven lengths from Mr. Jack Samuels' Positano-Alga brown horse, Warroo, ridden by T. Clayton. Warroo was only fourth in the straight, but he got up in the last few strides to beat Mr. W. Austin's bay horse, Famous by a head. Now read the other starters, and happy recollections will be forthcoming for many racing enthusiasts who still play an active part in the King of Sports:—Fitzgraffon (S. G. Thomas), F.J.A. (R. Lewis), Tartan (J. Rogers), Marvel Loch (J. Barden), Lucknow (H. Courtney), J. Wren's Grand Rapids (S. D. Fisher), Alias (N. Godby), Sylvan King (W. H. Ross), Boabdil (W. Truscott), E. Key's Fireclay (A. E. Cornwell), E. H. ("Teddy") Knight's P.K.—fourth in Epsom—(F. Quinn); St. Modan (W. H. Brennan), Hon. A. Wynne's Scot Free (E. Fogarty), Lord Fitzroy (K. Doyle), A. Foley's Fashoda (A. C. Thomas), J. A. Mayo's Rosemead—second in Epsom—(F. Connelly); Sleeper (F. Hickey), The Laird (D. Callinan), and Mr. "J. Baron's" Stormaway (imp.) (W. H. Smith). Tartan was favourite at 5 to 1, with Maniopoto at 16 to 1, Warroo and Famous at 50 to 1, and Fireclay the outsider of the field at 100 to 1. Maniopoto took charge shortly after the start, but, after getting properly into his stride for the journey, he gave way to Fashoda, who made play until the three furlongs post, where Maniopoto ran past and, drawing away, opened up a gap of five lengths, which he had increased on reaching the winning post. Rosemead, it will be remembered by men of the good old days, fell at the half-mile post.

In the First Steeplechase New Zealand was strongly represented by two of the Dominion's jumpers, Haydon and Up-to-date, the lastnamed finishing third, being the top-weight with 12st. 4lbs. They, however, won with Mr. Alister Clark's Sultana, by Gay Deceiver. The race was described as a chapter of accidents. May Not and Shooting Star fell at the first obstacle; Young Creswick fell at the logs at the Derby corner; Bosun, who had made the early running with Burnima, fell at the jump next to the stone wall, leaving Sultana,

always among the leaders, in front. From then onwards the lead alternated, and Sultana drew near Dingo at the last obstacle, and, after a great finish, beat him by a length.

Then followed the New Stakes for Three-year-olds, and in which Mr. G. G. Stead's Sun God had only three opponents. Starting at 5 to 2 on, Sun God won in a canter from Lady Wallace and Grafton Lad.

By this time everyone seemed to come to the conclusion that New Zealand would win the programme, and, accordingly, Mr. G. G. Stead's chestnut mare, Nightfall, was sent out a 5 to 4 favourite for the Squatter's Handicap. Ridden by L. Hewitt, who had already been aboard two winners that afternoon, Nightfall duly came home at the head of affairs, but it was only through getting a run on the rails at the half-distance, where Canteen had assumed control. The finish was brimful of excitement, and the cheers that rent the air were not all for Nightfall, but in recognition of New Zealand having swept the board.

Third and Fourth Days

On the third day New Zealand won two races, including the Grantham Stakes with Sun God. There was practically no betting on the race, the winner starting at 5 to 1 on. Gladsome, who won the Craven Plate that day, was bred in New Zealand, but was owned in Victoria by Mr. Sol. Green.

Of the six races on the concluding day New Zealand won half. Isolt, from the all-conquering Yaldhurst stable, took the Members' Handicap and Nightfall the Randwick Plate. In the Dowling Steeplechase four of the nine runners were from New Zealand, and Up-to-date won pulling up from Dingo.

The total stakes distributed at the meeting was £14,766, and Mr. G. G. Stead was, of course, the principal winner with £3570. Maniopoto's Metropolitan win was worth £2222. Compare the stakes of some of the races of those days with the amounts given by the A.J.C. to-day:—Derby, £1000 to £8000; Shorts, £250 to £1000; Metropolitan, £2000 to £6000; First Steeplechase, £300 to £600; Squatters' Handicap, £400 to £1000; Members' Handicap, £300 to £750; Randwick Plate, £750 to £2500; and the Dowling Steeplechase, £400 to £600.

Australian Horses and Cattle for India

Mr. G. Crisp, Stud Master for the Maharajah of Dhar, one of the reigning Princes of India, arrived in Victoria recently in order to make purchases of horses and cattle to be shipped to India. Mr. Crisp is in charge of the Maharajah's stud, which includes three stallions and forty mares, ten of the latter being Australian.

Mr. Crisp, in discussing stud matters, pointed out that the results obtained from the Australian mares under Indian conditions, compared more than favourably with those obtained from mares imported from England. Mr. Crisp is also taking back from Australia, for the Maharajah's use, a charger and some polo ponies. And it is interesting to note in the same connection that Mr. Crisp is taking back to India six Friesian cows for a dairy that has recently been established on the Maharajah's stud.

The Abrolhos Islands.—An Old Bottle.

(C. Price Conigrave.)

The other afternoon when visiting Wentworth's old home at Vacluse, which, by the way, just now is ablaze with wistaria, I was curiously interested to see an old Dutch gin bottle which was presented to the Vacluse Trust years ago by the late Mr. Richard Helms, of the Department of Agriculture, Sydney. It reminded me in a flash of my first visit to Houtman's Abrolhos Islands, off the Western Australian coast, where in 1629 the Dutch vessel "Batavia," under the command of Captain Francis Pelsart, was wrecked. Other Dutch vessels, notably the Zeewyk, were wrecked in years gone by on those lonely coral islands, and this old bottle, of which kind many have been found, is a relic of the Zeewyk disaster in 1727.

It is a far cry back to those distant days, but as an incident in early Australian history, the enforced occupation of the archipelago by stolid gin-drinking Dutchmen is well worth recalling. In 1602 had sprung into being the great Dutch East India Company, and under the aegis of that concern many expeditions were fitted out with the idea of crossing the then-unknown Southern Seas that kept the secret of the existence of the supposed Great South Land. Dutch settlements were, of course, extant in Java and Pelsart's instructions were to proceed from the Texel to these distant possessions, by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Dutch skippers in those days, after rounding the Cape, used to make a long easting before bearing north to fetch Java. This practice was bound in time to bring the Dutchmen on

to the coast of what is now Western Australia, and that is exactly what happened in the case of the "Batavia" in 1629. Pelsart's flag flew proudly at her truck-top, but the Abrolhos Islands proved her grave, and with the disaster practically ended the endeavours on the part of the Dutch nation to discover and settle the Great South Land. It is too long a story for the scope of this article, but suffice to say that the "Batavia" crashed ashore on a coral reef on a clear, moonlit night—4th June, 1629—and at daylight next morning the ship's company, numbering several hundreds, scrambled ashore and found themselves on a long, narrow island, along both shores of which the seas crashed menacingly. No fresh water could be found, and the scanty stock on board had, therefore, to be carefully conserved. A few days later Pelsart, with eight picked men, left in a ship's boat in an endeavour to search for the mainland. From the old records, we know the Western Australian coast was seen somewhere about where, nowadays, the town of Geraldton, on Champion Bay, stands. The Dutchmen were prevented from landing, owing to the heavy line of surf, and eventually, owing to their boat being gripped by the northerly set of the currents, they ran for Batavia, in Java, and there obtained another vessel for the relief of the castaways left behind on the Abrolhos Islands. The massacre of 127 men, women and children on the islands during Pelsart's absence is one of the most ghastly episodes of our early history. In a later issue I shall hope to tell the details of the tragedy that took place three hundred years ago and how, as a young fellow, I lent a hand in unearthing bottles and other relics of the ship-wrecked Dutchmen.



RESCH'S
Sydney
PILSENER
Sydney
Bitter Beer
and **STOUT**

Real Refreshment !

YOU may have a fixed fancy in the matter of drinks. But never mind. You will only know the real enjoyment of cooling a parched throat, or quenching a mighty thirst when you try Resch's R B Lager and D A Dinner Ale—Australia's best for every occasion.

RESCH'S
R B

The Genuine LAGER

D A

DINNER ALE

AUSTRALIA'S BEST

Racing in England

An Australian's Observations

Not the least of the interesting experiences of Mr. Percy Miller, during his recent trip abroad, were those relating to the running of big race meetings. His observations on English racing, given hereunder, are particularly noteworthy.

"The first racing I saw," says Mr. Miller, "was the four days' Derby and Oaks meeting at Epsom. Like most Australians going there for the first time, I was very disappointed with it. Of course, I was a stranger and critic, whereas probably 95 per cent. of the attendance were either British or regular attendants at this meeting, and have come to accept the Epsom Downs and the Derby as quite inseparable. Most Englishmen will agree that there are many racecourses in England that are, or could be made, much more suitable for the running of the world's greatest race than Epsom. Traditional sentiment, however, is so strong that, because the Derby has been an Epsom institution for so many generations, it must be decided at Epsom.

"The paddock where the horses parade prior to the race is a long way from the stands, and, as the crowds on even the least popular days are tremendous, the difficulties of getting backwards and forward are extremely great. By the time the horses are mounted and leave the enclosure only four or five minutes elapse before the start of the race. This, of course, is a similar arrangement to our own conditions, but, whereas we simply have to walk round to the front of the stand or up the stairs to our seat, at Epsom thousands of people have to make their way through a narrow passage, where the pace is reduced to that of a slow walk owing to the crowds having to traverse a distance of a quarter of a mile before reaching the stands and enclosures for watching the race.

"On many English racecourses a sharp rise and fall in the track is experienced. This is different to Australian conditions. At Lingfield, for instance, in distance races a hill very much resembling the steeplechase hill at Randwick has to be negotiated, but from the foot of the hill the horses come into the straight in about a furlong, and then have a level four or five furlongs run home. At Epsom, however, the short races are almost entirely downhill, with the exception of a very little rise just on the post. The Derby course, which starts right opposite the stands, is rising ground from barrier rise until nearly five furlongs are covered. Then comes a little level ground round the top of the course, followed by the sharp descent of Tattenham Corner and downhill for the rest of the way. Visualising such a track, one can readily understand that a horse that is not well placed at Tattenham Corner in a big field (which the Derby nearly always is) has little or no chance of success. In the Derby I saw the winner jumped off as well as anything in the race, was running second all the way up the hill, and as they turned into the straight took the lead and the race was over.

"As a racing track the Leger course at Doncaster struck me as being infinitely superior to Epsom. In

fact, I thought Doncaster (probably one of the oldest courses in England), from the test of horses viewpoint, the best course I saw.

Attendances

"Apart from Ascot and Epsom week, which, of course, were very popular, the attendances at race meetings struck me as being extraordinarily small. It appeared that, whereas racing in Australia is essentially the sport of the people, in England it is the sport of the rich section of the community, who alone can afford the tremendously heavy expenditure entailed in owning racehorses. The members' enclosure on all the racecourses are very beautiful and have many comforts, but the authorities do not seem to be worried about improving the conditions of the enclosure set apart for the unprivileged public.

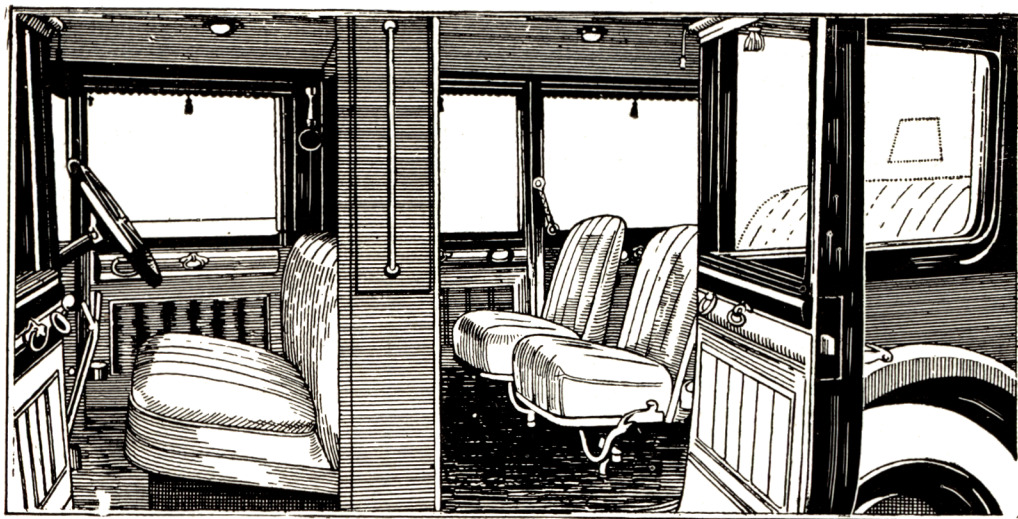
"Another point that militate against attendances is that the racing spectacle as we know it here is considerably minimised on many English courses, firstly by so many races run straight, and, secondly, that in many races for part of the journey the field is not in view of any of the spectators. Both these disadvantages apply to Newmarket, where I saw the two July meetings. Races under a mile were all run straight on undulating ground, and, in consequence, only over the last few furlongs could one gain any idea of the relative positions of the field. In races beyond a mile the first part of the journey is run behind a ditch and trees, where the race cannot be seen at all. Under these conditions it will be readily agreed that what I have termed the racing spectacle is practically eliminated. It is only at courses like Sandown Park and Newbury that the spectators are afforded an excellent view of the racing.

Operation of the Totalisator

"I only saw one meeting at which the totalisator was operating, and that was the initial one at the July meeting at Newmarket. It was pronounced on all sides as being a great success, which it certainly was, if the number of people anxious to patronise it is taken as a criterion; but, unfortunately, the buildings provided were of anything but an imposing nature, and proved hopelessly inadequate to accommodate the number of patrons wishing to use it. I should say, however, that when a up-to-date totalisator, where long delays are eliminated, is established in England, it will prove an unqualified success. The method they have adopted is the same as that prevailing in Paris, viz., two totalisators, one for a place and one for a win. This method struck me as being very much superior to our own, where no option is given.

Straight Races

"On the majority of English courses races for five and six furlongs are nearly always straight, while many also have a straight mile. I was very much surprised to find that the advantages one would expect from a straight course do not work out in actual fact. With few exceptions, instead of the field racing down the track as they do down the "straight six" at Flemington,



The above illustrates the luxurious upholstery and interior fittings of the 35/120 h.p. Daimler Limousine.

— A —
Magnificent
Daimler
Limousine
at
Landed Cost

It is only once in a lifetime that such an opportunity presents itself. This magnificent 35/120 h.p. Daimler Limousine will strongly appeal to those desiring the absolute last word both in mechanical efficiency and fine car luxury. This is the only one now in stock, and is to be sold at actual landed cost.

'Phone our Mr. Gillespie, M2011, and he will be glad to give you full particulars of this unique offer.



Phone M2011

GARRATT'S LTD.

173 ELIZABETH ST.
SYDNEY

The Judges at this year's
R. A. Show again bestow
honours and emphasise the

**High Qualities
OF
Lindeman's Products**

and have awarded 51 Prizes

Recent Show Successes:

Sydney Royal Show,
1925 41 Prizes
Sydney Royal Show,
1926 36 Prizes
Sydney Royal Show,
1927 50 Prizes
Sydney Royal Show,
1928 46 Prizes
Sydney Royal Show,
1929 51 Prizes

Again demonstrating the
superiority of

LINDEMAN'S WINES
over all others.

"porphuru"
(porferee)

The Best of
the Bunch



LINDEMAN'S
THE PERFECT
LIGHT WHITE WINE

LINDEMAN LTD.
Q.V. BUILDINGS
SYDNEY

**Lindeman's
Sparkling
Wines**

Champagne
Sparkling Hock
Sparkling Burgundy
Sparkling Moselle

are Delightfully
Stimulating when
Served Cold . . .

PERPETUAL

TRUSTEE COMPANY (LTD)

ACTS AS EXECUTOR OR TRUSTEE OF WILLS,
AS ADMINISTRATOR IN INTESTATE ESTATES,
AS TRUSTEE OF MARRIAGE OR OTHER SETTLEMENTS.
AS AGENT OR ATTORNEY UNDER POWER etc etc:

DIRECTORS:

T. H. Kelly (Chairman), Dr. R. L.
Faithfull, Walter T. Brunton, Herbert
R. Lysaght, Shephard E. Laidley,
Lieut.-Col. the Hon. T. A. J. Playfair,
M.L.C.

WRITE OR CALL FOR BOOKLET

Nos 33 to 39 HUNTER ST SYDNEY

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

R. COPLAND LEITHBRIDGE.

MANAGER.

H.V. DOUGLASS.

ton, or dividing into two parts and racing along each rail, the whole field in England makes for one side of the track, the favoured side varying on different courses. In some cases it is the side that finishes under the judge's box, and on other courses it is the far rail that is chosen. As in most cases, the tracks are generously wide, the horse that draws on the opposite rails to the favoured side must cover a tremendous amount of ground in getting across the track, whether he attempts to do it in the first few furlongs or gradually over the whole of the course. It seems almost incredible that the horse will not proceed along his own rail. It is surprising to find even more importance is placed on the marbles drawn in races run over straight courses than those races round turns. At Ascot the long races all finish up the straight on the far rail, yet in races such as the Royal Hunt Cup and others run up the straight, where the stand side of the straight is favoured, the horses drawn on the far side of the course will not attempt to keep straight down that side.

Jockeys

"The leading jockeys in England, such as Beary, Fox, Childs, Wragg and Donoghue, are certainly great horsemen, but it appeared to me that a number of the lesser 'fry' were inclined to be very rough. It was quite a common sight to see a horse being cantered in his preliminary run down to the post with his jockey standing almost erect hanging on to the reins at arm's length. If J. Munro goes to the Continent and gets over to England to do any riding, once he becomes familiar with local conditions I think that the English people will find that he will have few, if any, superiors. Speaking generally, the jockeys in England do not seem to ride as patiently in long races as ours. You would think that where horses come into the straight four or five furlongs from home that some wonderful finishing efforts from horses that were nowhere at the turn would be witnessed, but to see cases like that was rather the exception, and even in races of a mile and a mile and a quarter the winner generally came from one of the first two or three around the turn. Even with Randwick's two-furlong straight, Amounis, with top-weight, could come from nearly last to win the mile Epsom Handicap. I expected to find much more pronounced finishing runs over the wonderful galloping courses they have in England, where a horse has nearly five furlongs in the straight to make up ground. So far from these expectations being realised, the reverse seemed to be the case. Apparently the courses are so big and such long stretches without turns are experienced that the horses get right down to their work almost throughout the whole stages of the race.

French Horses

"The French horses in recent years have gained a wonderful reputation as stayers, and when Cacao and Brumeux were brought over for the Ascot Gold Cup they were among the most popular candidates for the race. In appearance, I was disappointed with both horses, as they seemed very common and lacking in thoroughbred qualities compared with their English

rivals. In the race they were both nearly last in a very strung-out field in the early stages, and, in fact, were so far behind as to make their chance of success appear hopeless before the race was half over. Still, they made up a lot of ground, and both finished just behind the placed horses. That race was two and a half miles, and apparently they were such essential stayers that even that was not long enough for them. The only meeting I saw in Paris was a jumping programme at Auteuil, a very pretty and well appointed course in the Bois de Belogne, where all betting was done on the totalisator. I was sorry that I had to get back to England without seeing any of the French flat-racing.

Speaking generally, it seemed to me that our courses, by affording better opportunities for watching the progress of a race, contribute to the enjoyment of the spectator more than the English courses, but as a test for horses the wonderful galloping grounds in England are greatly superior to ours. Viewed from every angle, Ascot is wonderful, and its claim to being the best racecourse in the world is, in my opinion, irrefutable. The average Englishman is not as superficially effusive as some of his continental neighbours, but for downright hospitality and generous kindness to the visitor he stands alone. Having seen the world for the first time, I have come back to Australia prouder than ever of my British descent, and very impressed with the hospitable kindness I experienced during my short stay of two months in that little isle so deservedly dear to the heart of every Englishman.

Forthcoming Racing Fixtures

OCTOBER.

Aust. Jockey Club (Eight Hour Day), Mon.,	7th
Australian Jockey Club	Wed., 9th
Australian Jockey Club	Sat., 12th
City Tattersall's Club	Sat., 19th
Moorefield Racing Club	Sat., 26th
Rosehill Racing Club	Wed., 30th

NOVEMBER.

Canterbury Park Racing Club	Sat., 2nd
Moorefield Racing Club	Sat., 9th
Australian Jockey Club	Sat., 16th
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm) . .	Sat., 23rd
Canterbury Park Racing Club	Sat., 30th

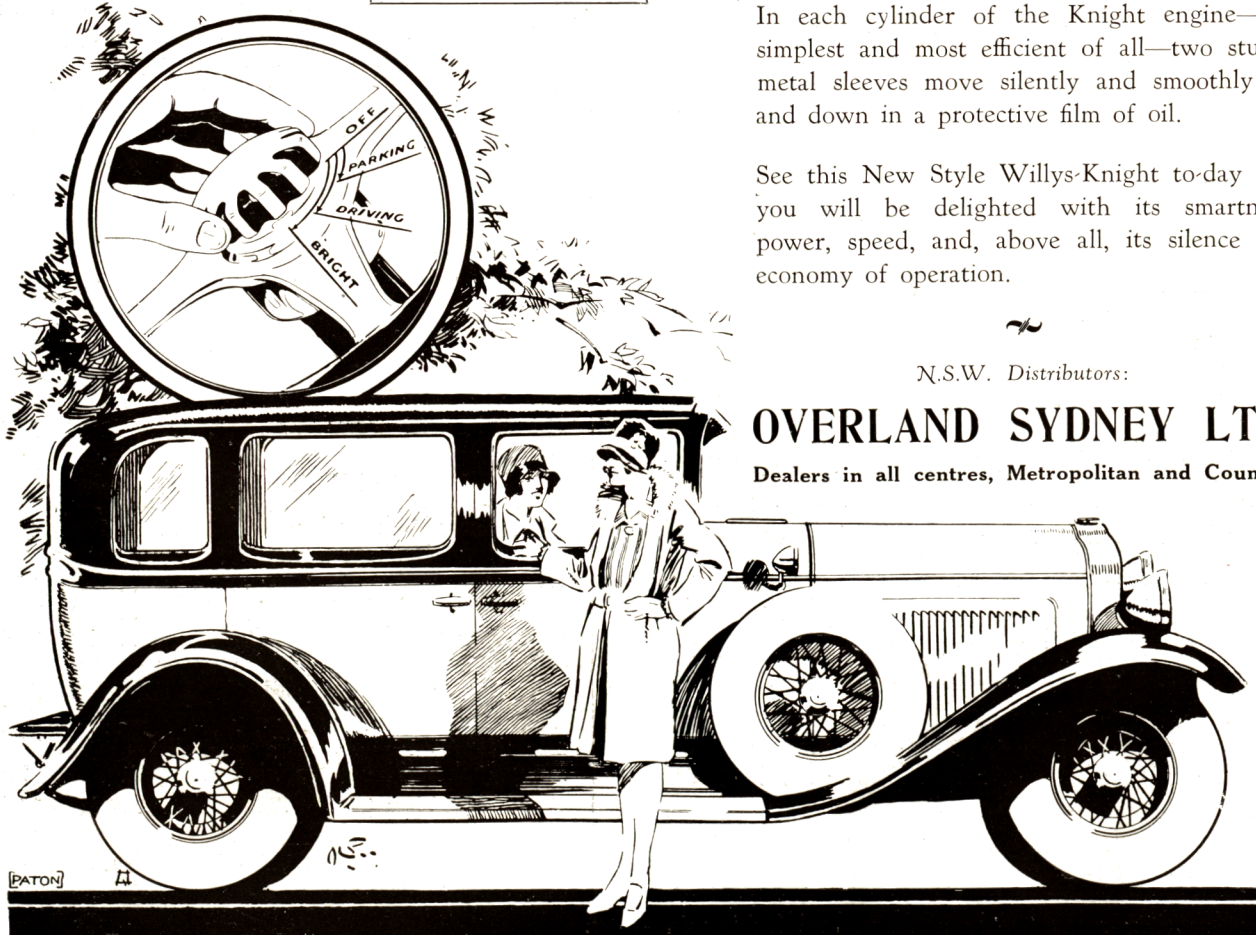
DECEMBER.

Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm) . .	Wed., 4th
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm) . .	Sat., 7th
Rosehill Racing Club	Sat., 14th
Australian Jockey Club	Sat., 21st
Aust. Jockey Club (Boxing Day) . .	Thurs., 26th
Tattersall's Club	Sat., 28th

The new style WILLYS KNIGHT SIX

FINGER TIP CONTROL

A single button starts the engine and operates the horn and lights.



At a remarkably low price for so large and so beautiful a Knight-engined car, the new style Willys-Knight Six is bringing the superiorities of the patented Double Sleeve Valve Engine to thousands of new owners.

The heavy 7-bearing Crankshaft reduces vibration to an absolute minimum, whilst the car's improved frame construction gives extra strength and rigidity.

In each cylinder of the Knight engine—the simplest and most efficient of all—two sturdy metal sleeves move silently and smoothly up and down in a protective film of oil.

See this New Style Willys-Knight to-day and you will be delighted with its smartness, power, speed, and, above all, its silence and economy of operation.

N.S.W. Distributors:

OVERLAND SYDNEY LTD.

Dealers in all centres, Metropolitan and Country.

MOTORING

The probabilities are that if a close examination was made of Tattersall's Club members it would be found that the most travelled motorist is Mr. A. W. L. Ellis, managing director of Studebaker (Sydney) Ltd. It was in 1903 that Mr. Ellis first took up motoring and in the meantime he has explored the various avenues of the chief countries of the world, mostly as foreign representative of Studebaker Ltd. It is most interesting to listen to Mr. Ellis in his descriptions of the various countries he has visited. Undoubtedly, his most interesting talk

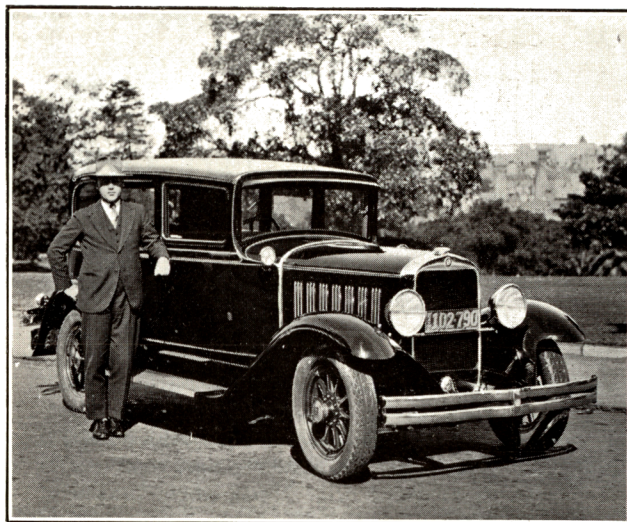
"East and Central Africa is a most interesting motoring country by reason of the fact that it is a brand new country that is developing fast."

Mr. Ellis, who, in the three years he was in Africa, covered the remarkable total of 75,000 miles, was one of the first to drive a car on the road opening up Northern Rhodesia with Southern Rhodesia. He was also one of the first to traverse the road between Mombasa and Nairobi and also the great northern stretch from Nairobi to Mongala on the Nile. While traversing these roads,



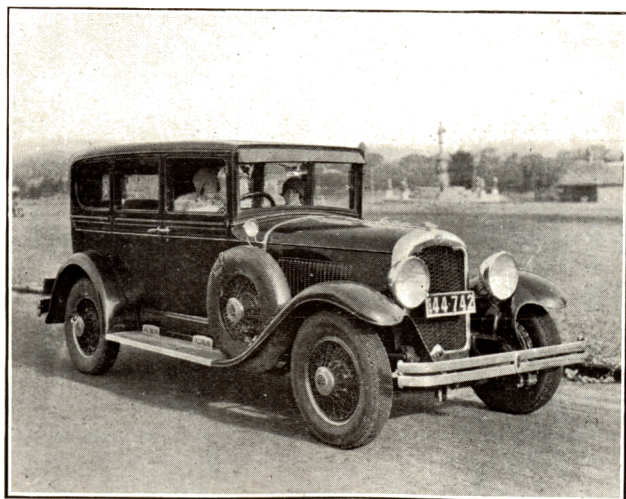
Mrs. E. Byers and her new Hupmobile car.

centres on his trip through Africa over the "Cape to Cairo" road. When Mr. Ellis traversed this route the road was only "in the rough," but in course of time this will undoubtedly prove one of the most remarkable roads



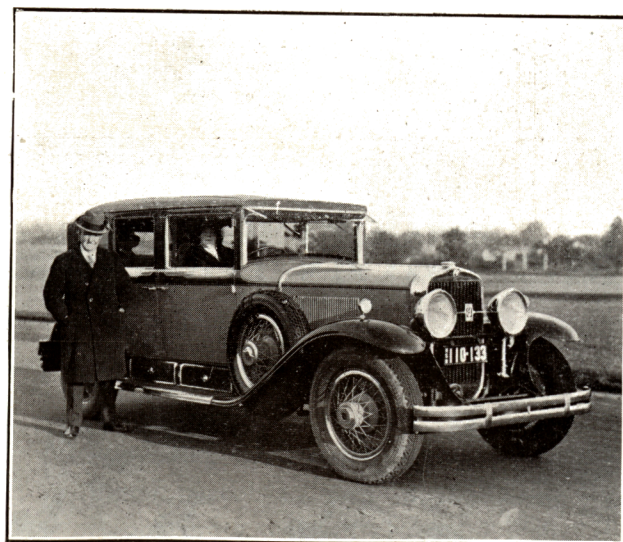
Mr. A. W. L. Ellis beside his new Studebaker Dictator Eight.

Mr. Ellis came in contact with natives in their most primitive state, while animals in their wild haunts were frequently met with. Eight miles outside Nairobi there is an Australian with a 14,000 acres property where he



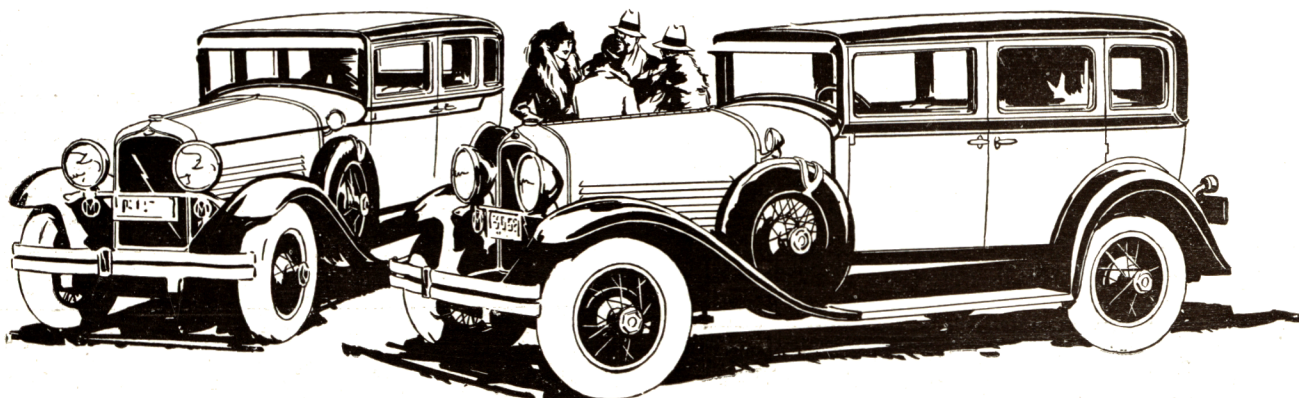
Mrs. G. Johns in her Reo.

in the world. It is pointed out that this road is constructed by native labour, and in fact, each chief through whose territory the road passes, is responsible for the upkeep of the road. "Unquestionably," says Mr. Ellis,



Mr. W. Pearson with his new Cadillac.

has about 8,000 wild game, including lions, leopards, zebra, giraffe, etc. While in Africa, Mr. Ellis was in a locality where a motorist, who had experienced trouble with his car and had to get out of the car to effect re-



They're **MARMONS** 68 and 78

THE Straight Eights, costing no more than ordinary sixes, but representing values in Straight-Eight Cars hitherto unheard of in Australia.

Speed! You can lounge at ease on the roughest roads doing over eighty m.p.h.—effortless driving. Its volume of hidden power makes light of hills—the steepest road grades can be taken in top. Four-wheel brakes of the most advanced mechanical type ensure perfect control. Petrol consumption is surprisingly economical, and is no higher than is averaged by an ordinary six-cylinder car.

MARMON 68

Sedans and Coupes

FULLY EQUIPPED FOR THE ROAD

From . . . £615

IN heavy traffic, slow down—not change down. You can creep along on top gear at walking pace, and then, a touch of the accelerator, in a few seconds the highly-efficient Marmon will attain a speed greater than most drivers are likely to want. Easy to handle under all conditions, handsome in appearance, the sturdy Marmon is built for long life.

A personal inspection in our William Street Showrooms is invited. Ask Marmon Distributors to let you drive the car yourself. There can be no more exacting test of our claims.

MARMON 78

Sedans and Coupes

FULLY EQUIPPED FOR THE ROAD

From . . . £800

ALL IMPORTED BODIES.

TERMS ARRANGED. OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS. TELEPHONE F 2236.

MARMON DISTRIBUTORS (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

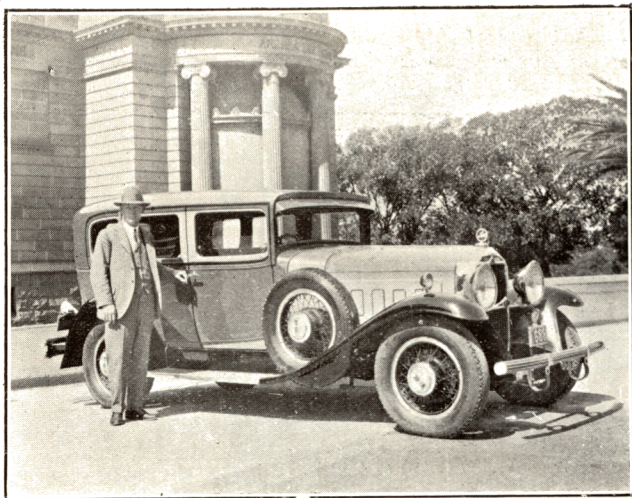
SOLE AGENTS FOR SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE

Note Address: 53-55 William Street, Sydney
AT FOOT OF WILLIAM STREET



pairs, was fatally attacked by a rhinoceros. This wild beast had previously done to death a Miss Green, an English tourist, who was walking across Africa.

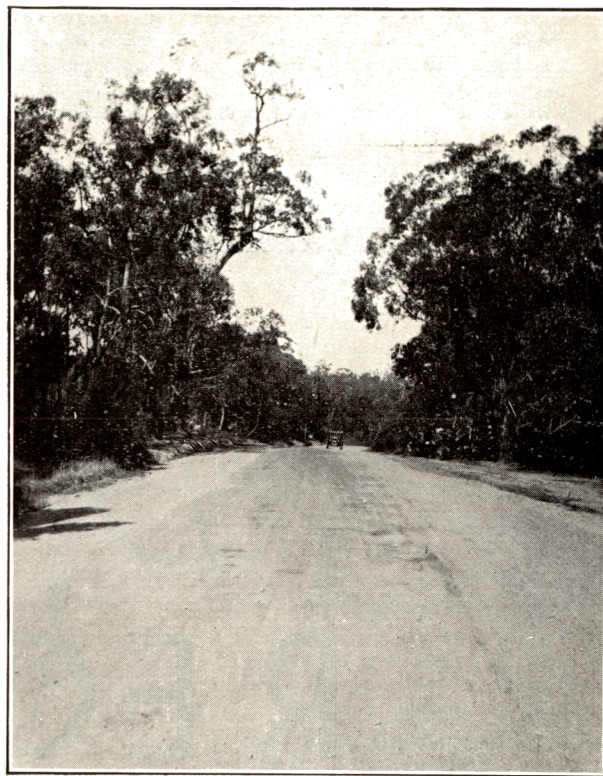
During the war period, Mr. Ellis was identified with the Royal Flying Corps and also the Australian Flying Corps, during which time he attained the rank of major. To substantiate the statement that Mr. Ellis may be described as Tattersall's Club's most travelled motorist it is merely necessary to mention that since 1920, he has averaged 20,000 miles annually and has traversed such countries as America, South America,



One of the latest purchasers of a Willys-Knight car is Mr. C. Scougall.

Central America, Europe, Africa and Australia. He describes the Royal East African Automobile Club as the most active automobile club in the world. This club is active in pioneering new roads, giving assistance to motorists, land-marking places in the proper signs and doing everything to promote to the utmost the latest forms of transportation. In this locality there is one motor car for every one and a half white persons.

One of the keenest motorists in Tattersall's Club is Mr. A. A. Marks, a well-known cigar merchant. There are few portions of Australia that Mr. Marks has not visited. He rates the road between Toowoomba and Brisbane as about the worst he has had to contend with, although he understands that this road is now being put in good condition. But it is not before time. More than once Mr. Marks has made a trip to Melbourne, while he is well known on the road to Brisbane and in the southern districts of Queensland. A recent trip that he thoroughly enjoyed was to Tamworth. Accompanied by Mrs. Marks he covered the Tamworth district and went as far as Armidale, and also visited a very pretty place called Nundle. One of the places he visited was Mr. Walter Harrison's Pastime Stud in the Baerami district. Mr. Marks speaks very highly of Mr. Harrison's property, of which he enjoyed a thorough inspection. This is an ideally situated place, and Mr. Marks was greatly impressed with Great Barrier, who is doing stud duty at the Pastime Stud along with Roubaix and Red Gauntlet. In talking of the roads met with on his Tamworth and Armidale trip, Mr. Marks speaks very highly of a 10-miles stretch near Wingen. The roadmakers have made a very fine job of this.



Portion of the Prince's Highway, one of our best motoring roads.

Phone L2278, L2344.

G. O. THORPE

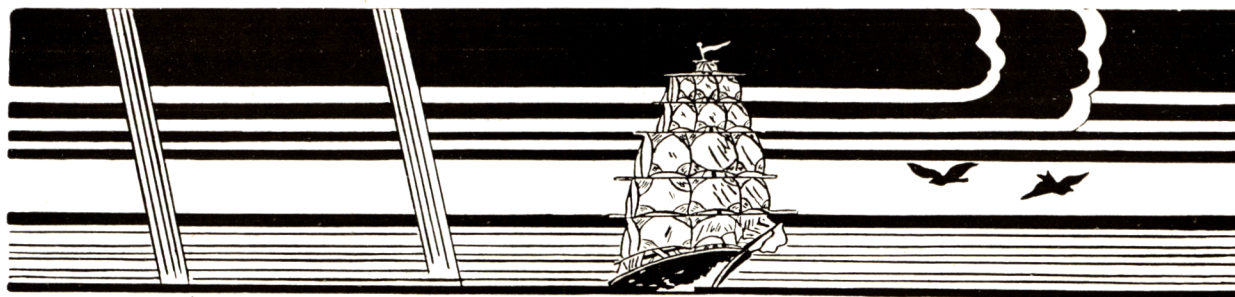
FURNITURE SPECIALIST,

Salisbury Street,

CAMPERDOWN.



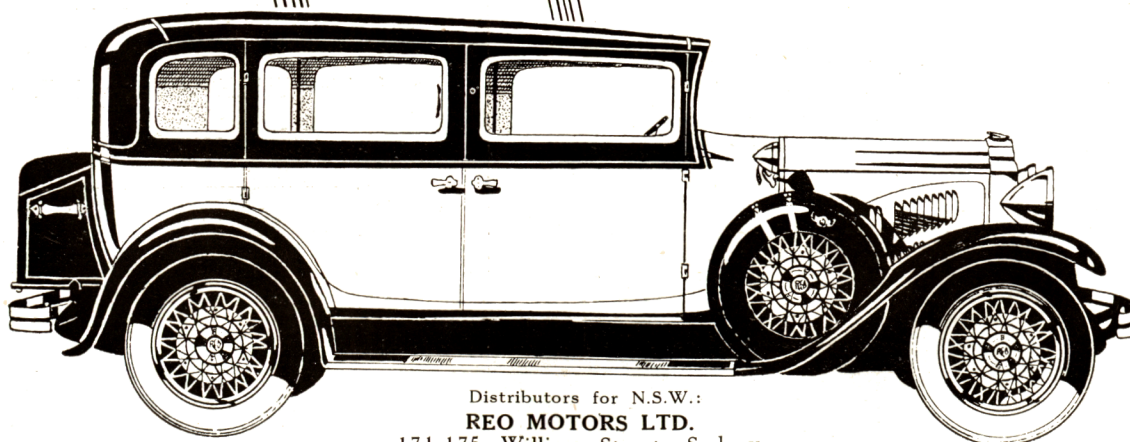
Specialises in Wholesale Furniture, comprising Upholstered Lounge Suites, Period, Jacobean, and Maple Dining Room Suites, and all classes of high-class furniture.



New Beauty

REO

FLYING CLOUD



Distributors for N.S.W.:
REO MOTORS LTD.
171-175 William Street, Sydney.

R. F. OLIVER & CO.

Metropolitan Distributors
169 William Street, Sydney.

THE CAR SUPREME

Mangrove Nights

Islands and Storms

(C. Price Conigrave.)

Cambridge Gulf is situated in the extreme north of Western Australia, the little town of Wyndham, where cattle matters reign supreme, being at the head of it close beneath the towering heights of the precipitous Bastion Range. The north-eastern corner of the Gulf, where I spent several adventurous weeks in the year 1911, may be tersely described as a vast labyrinth of salt marshes channelled by hundreds of navigable arms, which, coursing inland between mangroves, branch and re-branch into a myriad creeks and waterways, where nothing but creatures of the wild places penetrate in the ordinary course of events.



Boobab or Bottle Tree, near Wyndham.

From the open, heaving depths of Cambridge Gulf, whose maw-like entrance stretches between Cape Dussejour on the west and Cape Domett on the east, nothing can be seen but a low line of sombre green vegetation, but if we sail closer inshore gaps in the littoral of trees may be noticed opening out—these we find to be the mouths of the salt arms entering the open sea after their twists and turns from away inland far to the south and east.

Although in such a place as Cambridge Gulf sailing boats are far from being the ideal craft for navigation, owing to the terrific sweep of tide and current, we—that is, Mr. Charlie Young and myself—ran the gauntlet of these dangers. Soon after daylight one morning we dropped down the Gulf from Wyndham, stores for a fortnight having been loaded into a small centre-board sailing boat, whose white wings had been well-known in earlier years on the broad sweeps of the Swan River at Perth. At Wyndham the Gulf is half a league across, and this width being maintained for some ten miles to the north, it then narrows down to two channels several hundred of yards wide, with the long, straggling outline of Fairfax Island lying between. The Admiralty chart shows 30 fathoms in these narrow clefts, and, with the tide rising and fall-

ing upwards of 22 feet, it may be imagined what a raging torrent rushes and boils through between the stern, wall-like hills that guard either side of the waterway. On the outer side of Fairfax Island we came to the mouth of the great Ord River, which stream, for many hundreds of miles, drains some of the richest pastoral country in that part of Australia. The river mouth is the meeting-place of the river and Gulf waters, and thereabouts an angry surging of white waters would puzzle anyone in a small craft such as the one in which, with high optimism, we had gone forth to face adventure. The oily-looking Gulf, sparkling beneath the morning sunlight, suddenly ran into a whitening mass, whilst here and there the water eddied and swirled as if some mighty mill-race was churning the surface into a great vortex with an ever-widening circle.

We braved the stream for some distance, and then steered for the western shore line of the Gulf, where the green line of mangroves fringed the waterway, we ran the boat ashore. In the shadow of a steep, rocky point. Two miles distant the towering form of Adolphus Island, 800 feet in height, stood sharp against the skyline, and the eye followed down from the rocky heights far above, the gutter-like ravines as they cleaved the contour of the island. Some parts of the island rise sheer from the Gulf waters in rugged precipices, and wedged in between these grey flanks and bastions are wind-torn trees, clinging there as if for very existence. Beneath these again are the mudbanks that dully glisten beneath the sweltering sun of a tropical midday.



Wyndham nestles at the foot of the Bastion Ranges, 1,100 feet high.

The sun was fast dropping behind the western ranges when we got the boat afloat on the incoming tide, and no time was to be lost in beating across to Adolphus Island, where it was our intention to camp for the night. One has to work with the tide in the Far North—it is hopeless to battle against it unless one's craft has strong auxiliary power. I have seen many a sunset on land and sea, but never, I think, a more gorgeous one than that I have in mind as I write. The wind, which at no time had been constant,

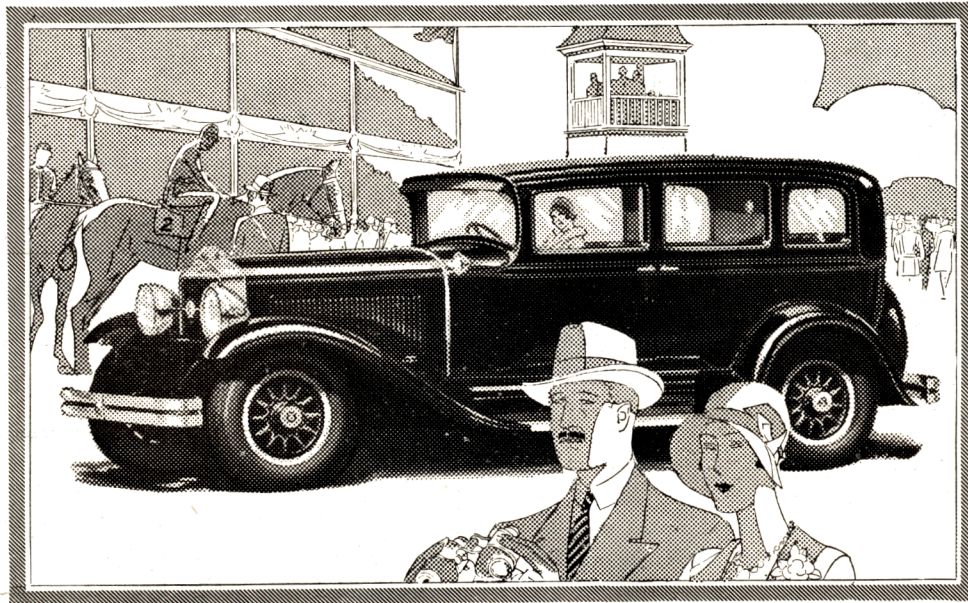
Studebaker's PRESIDENT EIGHT *WORLD CHAMPION CAR*

125 INCH WHEELBASE

from £699

135 INCH WHEELBASE

from £810



STUDEBAKER'S President Eight is a motor car patrician in appearance, yet with the stout heart of the man-at-arms. Undisputed stock car champion, with eleven world and twenty-three international records, yet urbane in deportment, fleet-looking in its low-swung grace.

A car with stamina that electrified all motordom when it sped 30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes. Travel ease unknown until Studebaker introduced ball-bearing spring suspension, and added the further comfort of Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers.

Drive The President Eight. Feel the silken response of its 115 horsepower straight eight motor. Know the confidence born of The President's utter competence in any emergency—its liquid flexibility, its brakes that stroke hurtling speed to a velvet stop, its pliant steering ease, its obvious steadiness on any road at any pace. Then you will know why Studebaker sells more eights than any other maker in the world.

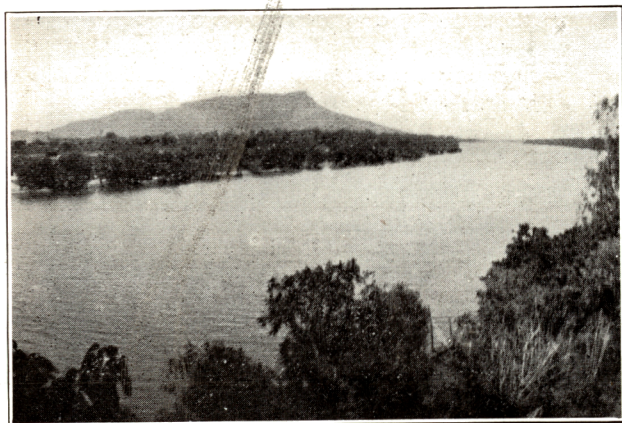
To know these things is to know The President Eight champion of the world. And to know The President is to want it, to the point where no other car will do.

PRESIDENT STRAIGHT EIGHT MODELS AND PRICES:

125in. wheelbase Roadster	£699	135in. wheelbase (7-pass.) Regular Sedan . .	£810
125in. wheelbase Regular Sedan	£725	135in. wheelbase (7-pass.) State Sedan . . .	£875
125in. wheelbase State Sedan	£775	135in. wheelbase State Brougham	£885

STUDEBAKER (SYDNEY) LIMITED
Showrooms: 4-16 Yurong Street
(Foot of William Street.)

completely died away, and we were left with the sails idly flapping against the mast of the boat, in the middle of Cambridge Gulf. The whole western sky blazed with colour, the replica being mirrored as in a glass in the waters of the Gulf. Slowly the tints, one by one, merged into a great, salmon-coloured expanse of sky, and in this way daylight faded and night came in on the wings of the outer darkness. Then only a stolid, black ridge of mountains showed in silhouette against the star-scattered sky. For hours we lay becalmed, drifting up and down with the tide, and it was close up midnight when we bumped ashore on the top of the tide amongst dense mangroves. Just dimly in the darkness we could see a low cliff rising from among the mangrove thicket about 40 feet away. Young and I, both completely tired out, tried to rig our mosquito nets in the boat, and by some means we got off to sleep. It proved to be a hellish night, though, what with mosquitoes and sandflies. A piccanniny daylight, when we woke, we found the tide was right out, and the boat was perched just like a fly on a wall, on a narrow platform 20 feet above low-tide level. The fact of how we had escaped a complete capsizing as the waters receded struck us forcibly, and we were considerably



The Ord River, thirty miles from the mouth of Cambridge Gulf.

relieved when later in the day the rising tide floated the tiny boat from its precarious and dangerous position.

Rough as is the littoral of Adolphus Island, the centre of the island is even more so. Ridge after ridge rises from extensive salt marshes, which run in between the higher bluffs. The whole locality is a wild inferno of broken sandstone masses, with thick patches of scrub here and there. During the hours when we patiently waited for the up-coming tide to float the boat off we explored the immediate vicinity. Half a mile from the boat an old camping place of the wild aborigines was found. Great heaps of mussel shells and Baobab nuts strewn the ground and showed us that the spot had for long apparently been the rendezvous of the northern tribesmen. A large creek came from the rocky heights far above us, its waters emptying into a great natural basin, where many thousands of gallons of clear, pellucid water had been impounded. It was a goodly spot, and bronze-wing pigeons were round about in the surrounding scrub in hundreds. I

was energetic enough to clamber to the topmost summit of the island, from where a bold, sweeping view of the Gulf, the Ord River and many other features made up a wonderful panorama. I know of no other man who at any time has seen that view from the summit of Adolphus Island, and it will be long, I think, before anyone tackles the same rough climb. Adolphus Island is certainly one of the loneliest and most forbidding places that I have visited, and no one except a wild nomad blackfellow has landed there since our visit 18 years ago.

Looking northwards from Adolphus Island, one sees, athwart the opening of Cambridge Gulf, the sentinel-like form of Lacrosse Island. Thereabouts it was upwards of 35 years ago that Louis de Rougemont, who, by some men has been termed one of the greatest and most scientific liars who ever lived, is reputed to have ridden the turtles and met with many other of the experiences, the account of which he put before the reading public a quarter of a century back. Many of my readers will remember his remarkable story, which appeared in the early issues of the London "Wide World Magazine" in 1896.

From Adolphus Island we steered a north-easterly course towards Cape Domett, having Lacrosse Island over the port bow, and at midday on a blazing, sweltering day, we sailed in between two mangrove-fringed shores, which guarded the entrance to one of the remarkable salt arms already mentioned. Far away behind the dark mangroves rose the mastodon-like form of Elephant Hill, 30 miles in from the sea. Day after



Native prisoners on road-work, Wyndham.

day we sailed up these salt arms, where the harsh call of the sea curlew sounded on the air, and wily crocodiles lay awash in the stream or basked on the mudbanks here and there. White egrets, with leisurely flight, passed overhead, and the whirr of ducks on the wing suggested of a veritable sportsman's paradise. It had been our intention to sail to Elephant Hill, in order to junction with a party who had travelled overland from Wyndham, but my companion and myself had the somewhat remarkable experience of being unable to find any stream that led in the desired direction. For six days we were absolute prisoners in a world of mangroves, our water supply, by the bye, on board being carried in four large pack drums. Each day, try as

we may, we were foiled in reaching terra firma; each night came along and we had to tie up to an overhanging branch and go through tortures from sandflies and mosquitoes. Our water supply being just about depleted, it became urgently necessary to get somewhere on solid country to replenish supplies. On this particular day we had sailed before a spanking breeze to the headwaters of a salt arm some 20 miles in length. It had gradually narrowed until there was barely room for the boat to pass between the trees on either side. Day passed into night while we were yet some distance from a rocky ridge that had showed above the mangroves late in the afternoon. Later on the moon rose, and, with its dim light playing on the stream ahead of us, we sailed—silent, tired and lonely—to an anchorage. We were bitterly disappointed that we could not affect a landing, but perforce had to pass another night aboard without fresh water. We were munching away at a belated meal, sadly missing a drink, when from the distance we heard the growling of thunder, which betokened a coming storm. Within a quarter of an hour the squall broke in all its grandeur. No southern folks, I am sure, can imagine a real tropical thunderstorm. The heavens seem to open with deluges of rain, while blinding flashes of lightning vividly show up the landscape. In a few minutes everything aboard our boat was soaked, and Young and I huddled disconsolately together under the sail in an endeavour to turn at least some of the terrific rain. We must have looked

a miserable pair as, with the flashing lightning illuminating the mangroves, night birds made the night eerie with their calls and trees looked white and ghostly. Added to all this the drip, drip, drippings from a million mangroves into the salt, muddy water below seemed to intensify the misery and desolation of the scene. Wet through to the skin, Young and I consoled one another by telling each other that if we survived the mosquitoes there was always the chance of the boat sinking beneath us as we slept, in which case, without doubt, we would have made a feed for some slimy, stinking, old crocodile. That is why just a glimpse the other day at a crocodile skin in a George Street shop window reminded me on the instant of mangrove nights in North Australia. It would be too long a story to tell in detail of our subsequent doings; suffice to say we eventually got ashore, found fresh water, filled our water drums, and seven days later emerged from this vast area of mangroves, whipped across the wide expanse of Cambridge Gulf on one unforgettable day, when I hung on to the tiller for nine hours without a spell, as, my companion not knowing anything about the sailing of boats, the job was mine. Though Wyndham has been likened by one visitor to Hell itself owing to its terrific heat and its myriads of winged pests, we were mightily glad to reach it after our fortnight's imprisonment in a world of mangroves. In those two eventful weeks had been packed more than our share of excitement and real adventure.

AARON'S Exchange Hotel

"THE COUNTRYMAN'S CLUB"

AARON'S EXCHANGE" has always been the rendezvous of the country man from the earliest days, when the stage coach, the four-in-hand, or station buggy drew up with guests and their luggage, to make Aaron's their city home and meeting place. Guests to-day will find this Hotel replete with every modern convenience that makes for comfort and enjoyment.

Book your reservations for Spring Meeting now.

TARIFF

Bed Only from 6/-

All Meals served a la carte - Minimum 2/6

AARON'S EXCHANGE HOTEL

No. 1 GRESHAM STREET, SYDNEY.

Telephones: B2510, B2516, B2742.

John P. Crowe, Manager.

K. A. Wooldridge, Proprietor.

Live stock Insurance

**YORKSHIRE
INSURANCE**

— Co., Ltd. —

Est. 1824.

Assets exceed
£10,000,000

All classes of Stock
covered against death by
accident or disease.

BLOOD
STOCK
RACING
and
STUD
5 per cent.

Transit to
any part of
the world.
Rates on
application.

**Fire Workers' Compensation
Burglary, Marine, Etc., Etc.**

PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE. Policies issued covering
on sea and land in any country.

Full particulars on application to Company.

"YORKSHIRE HOUSE,"

14 SPRING STREET, SYDNEY.

M. T. SADLER, Manager.

Tattersall's Club

Presentation to Mr. Jas. Barnes.

On the evening of the 17th September a highly successful gathering took place in the club room, when the presentation of his portrait in oils was made to Mr. Jas. Barnes, who was chairman of the club from April, 1916, until May, 1929. The proceedings were characterised by the greatest enthusiasm, and were a fitting tribute to the sterling services by Mr. Barnes as chairman over a long number of years. It was very pleasing to the committee that such generous

man, at the conclusion of his remarks invited two of the oldest club members, Mr. P. J. Hourigan and Mr. John Gough, to unveil the portrait, which they did amid great enthusiasm.

Mr. Barnes, in the course of a very feeling reply, thanked members exceedingly for honouring him in that way. He referred to the fact that when the new Club project was first mooted in 1925 the Club membership totalled only 740, but at the present time it stood at



The assemblage of members at the presentation to Mr. James Barnes, late President of Tattersall's Club.

response was made by club members to the invitation of the committee for donations towards the presentation, and the result of the function must have been pleasing alike to the recipient of the honour and to those who extended such honour to one who in season and out of season had laboured for the best interests of the club.

The chairman, Mr. A. C. Ingham, referred to the presidential work of Mr. Barnes. Members of the club, he said, were delighted to honour their late chairman. He thought that the artist, Mr. R. H. Jerrold Nathan, had been singularly happy in conveying to canvas an excellent likeness of Mr. Barnes. The chair-

man, which was distinctly satisfactory. He wished to record his thanks to the past and present members of committees, also the different secretaries, including Mr. J. B. Olliffe, retired; Mr. Chalmers, deceased; Mr. F. G. Wilson, acting, and Mr. Manning who at present held that important position, for their whole-hearted assistance and loyalty to the Club and to himself during his term of office as chairman.

He reminded the gathering of the good work done by the different gentlemen referred to, some of whom, unfortunately, had passed away. Many of the privileges which Club members now enjoyed were the direct result of their wisdom and foresight. He deeply appre-



THE OLDEST HORSE
IN THE WORLD !

WHITE HORSE
Scotch **WHISKY**

Established 1742



City Mutual Fire Insurance

Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

95 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, Houseowners' and Householders' Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk, Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.



ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED
IN CITY AND SUBURBS.

T. O. MCCREADIE,
Secretary.

ROBERT KERR,
Managing Director.

"Playing Safe"

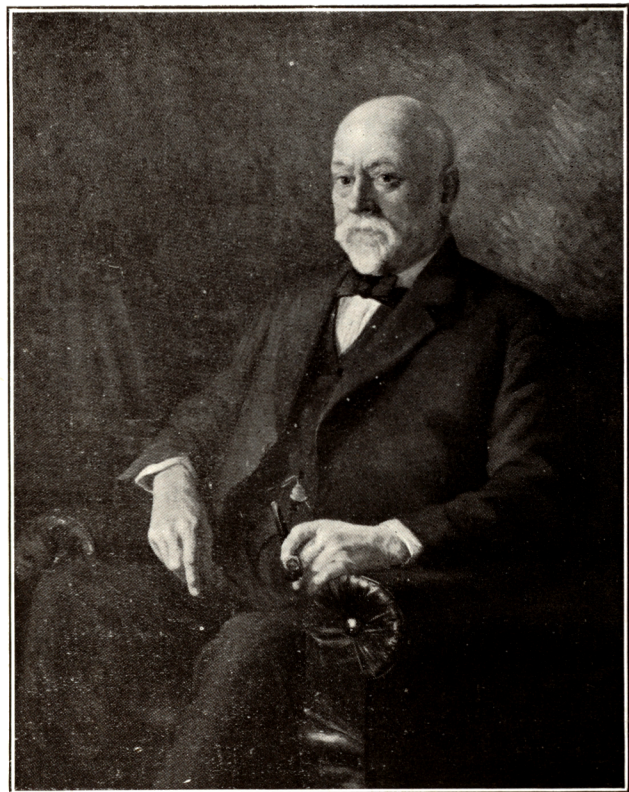
To assure yourself of a refreshing and satisfying drink, you will naturally see that you get the best bitter ale obtainable.

To make certain of obtaining *only* the best, remember the distinctive red and yellow label and call for Tooth's Sydney Bitter Ale by the *full* name on all occasions.

TOOTH'S SYDNEY BITTER ALE

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY TOOTH & CO. LIMITED, KENT BREWERY, SYDNEY.

ciated the kindness of the present Chairman and Committee in unselfishly bestowing so much honour upon himself. He and his family recognised the kindness of the Chairman, Committee and members of the Club as a very high compliment paid to him personally. To the members generally he would always feel under a debt of gratitude, for from them at all times he had received nothing but kindness. They had accepted him at his face value as their Chairman, and had been good enough, in connection with any mistakes he had made, to take the will for the deed. Many of his best and dearest friends had been made in the old club-room, where he had come to know men who gave of their



Mr. James Barnes. (Oil painting by R. H. Jerrold Nathan.)

best without any desire for limelight. His greatest regret was that so many of them had passed away, and only their memory was left to cherish.

He sincerely hoped that the good fellowship and general kindly feeling that existed in the old club-house would remain with the Club and all its members for many years to come.

During the evening a musical programme by well-known artists added to the pleasure and enjoyment of the many present.

Apologies for non-attendance were received from the following:—Messrs. Frank R. Allen, R. C. Allen, R. H. Allen, W. F. Alldritt, Ken Austin, W. E. Bain, A. B. Bakewell, J. Y. Black, J. Felix Booth, J. E. Brien, Walter Brunton, B. Burdekin, P. W. Byers, Jos. Cameron, A. J. Cox, C. W. Cropper, B. H. Crowley, C. L. Cunningham, Peter Dillon, E. T. Doney, F. J. Doherty, Alderman J. M. Dunningham, M.L.A., W. E. Easton,

W. Edwards, Herbert Engelbert, Hon. E. H. Farrar, M.L.C., W. E. Forsyth, Sir John Fuller, Messrs. W. A. Greacen, H. M. Henderson, R. M. Hill, Anthony Hordern, Sir Samuel Hordern, Dr. S. H. Hughes, Messrs. H. V. Jaques, M.L.A., R. Jansen, A. A. Jenkin, J. A. Ken, J. J. Leahy, R. M. MacIntyre, Jas. M. McMaster, Geo. Main, A. J. Matthews, J. E. Meynink, P. Frank Moore, Frank P. Morris, F. A. Moses, Sir Jas. Murdoch, Messrs. J. Nelson, P. Osborne, O. T. Osborne, F. H. Le Page, F. Pfeiffer, A. Rae, R. A. Read, G. B. Ring, J. C. Rogalsky, F. W. Thatcher, E. Vandenberg, T. Vincent, C. J. Withycombe, Ken Woolbridge, Hunter White, F. Miller, C. Mitchell, J. Molloy and Geo. Monte.

An Eastern Memory

Up and down the river, in and out of Shanghai, the sampans bob. On the prow of each a painted eye, supposed to possess magical qualities, to see by daylight and dark, to guide the little Chinese boats through all the dangers of the river.

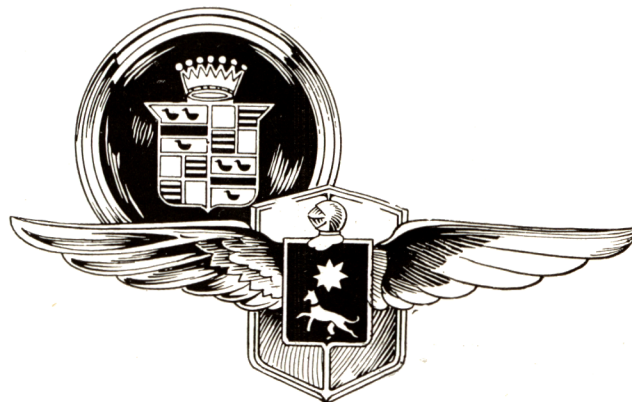
Many nights on the Yangtze, the moon is quenched and the stars are hid; the air above is black as the depths of the river, and the big ocean liners loom suddenly out of the gloom. Then, indeed, the sampans need eyes that see quick and clear.

In his sampan off Hwang-piu Dock sits Sun Lun Ho, with his mat spread out beneath him. Old and wizened he is, wrinkled and full of years. A hundred and three, say some; others count him a hundred and ten. Anyway, he is the oldest sampan man in Kiangsu Province.

Ask Sun Lun Ho: "To what do you attribute your exceedingly great age?" And he rocks his head and smiles a smile ancient and wise. "Of all the sampans that drift on the Yang-tze River," he says, "mine only carries a lantern."

A Big Wager

According to one of the most popular actors in Australia to-day, "It Pays to Advertise." Many people, however, are disinclined to advertise their wares without advertising themselves. However, now and again a person is encountered who is not always in search of boost. To come under this head is a well-known Randwick bookmaker and member of Tattersall's Club. This gentleman, at an A.R.C. meeting recently gained much notoriety as a result of his wagering against a horse which subsequently won. While this bookmaker in his bashfulness stressed the fact that he did not seek notoriety, the fact remains that in laying £1,000 to £30 against a horse on a "pony" course he established a precedent that few of his fellow-fielders would be prepared to follow. And not only did he lay the £1,000 to £30 to one of his clients, but also £80 to £4 and £60 to £3 to other of his patrons. Against the second horse he laid a wager of £500 to £5, while other bets recorded by him in the same race was one of £1,000 to £70. It is a very long time, if ever, that wagering was carried out on this scale on a Sydney "pony" racecourse.



Cadillac — La Salle

Cars of Distinction

It is the enthusiastic satisfaction and loyalty of the Cadillac-La Salle public that has inspired and, in a very real and literal sense, created the characteristics that make Cadillac and La Salle the finest and most distinctive cars on the streets of the world.

It is this enthusiasm and this loyalty that have made it possible for the Cadillac and La Salle to be constantly raising quality, constantly increasing value, constantly giving more and more for the purchaser's money.

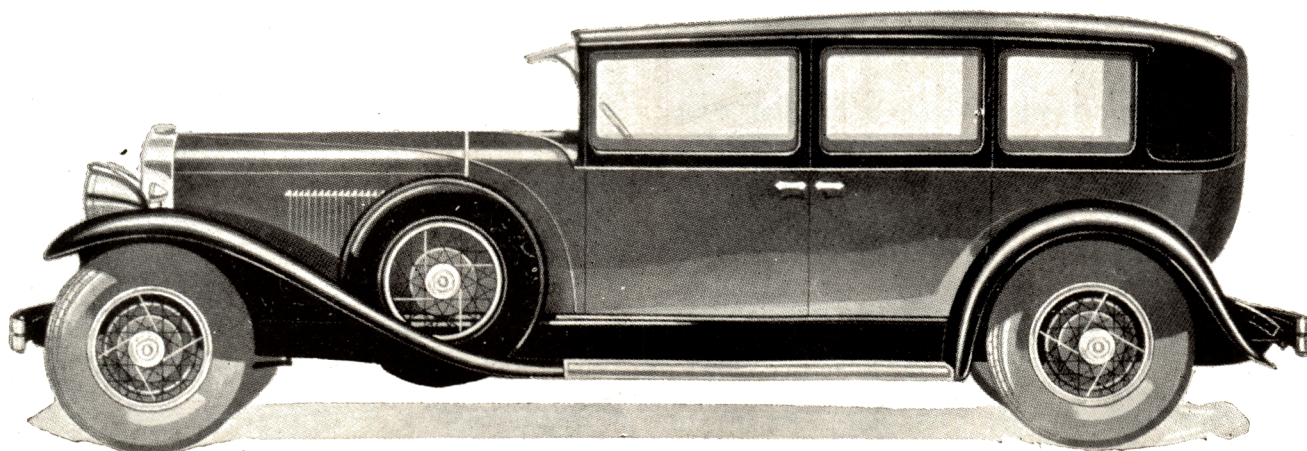
WARRANTED FOR TWO YEARS.

John McGrath Ltd.

Cadillac, La Salle Division

181 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

'Phone M2041 (10 lines).



The Cadillac Seven Passenger Imperial.

Personal Club Notes

It was welcome news that was cabled to Mr. E. J. Watt, who is at present on a visit to England, when he was advised of the success of his young horse, Spearman, in the Rosehill Cup a couple of weeks ago. While the success of his colours would be greatly pleasing to Mr. Watt, he will be anxious on his return home to ascertain what form the trophy took. Mr. Watt has won various trophies, and the Rosehill Cup will be a welcome addition to his list of prizes. Mr. Watt's success did not come before it was due. He is not only a prominent Australian breeder, but he races a big number of horses of his own breeding. His successes have not been confined to Sydney, his colours having been carried to victory in New Zealand, at Flemington, and in Brisbane.

Sir James Murdoch and Mr. W. C. Douglass have been associated in one way or another with various horses prominent on the Australian turf. Mr. Douglass will always entertain fond memories of Claro, while Sir James Murdoch, who was certainly disappointed on occasions by Vitality, nevertheless had reason to feel pleased he was interested in this importation. No doubt, Sir James and Mr. Douglass are wondering what the future holds for them so far as another imported horse in Ruffler is concerned. The present spring campaign will not enable these two sportsmen to ascertain the worth of the chestnut, but if he shows, in the autumn, to the same advantage as Claro then neither the two owners named, nor their legion of friends will feel displeased.

It is always interesting to listen to Mr. Harry G. Hall, a particularly well-known club member, talking of the doings of yesterday. Enjoying, as he does, a clear and retentive memory, he speaks of the happenings of years ago in a style that captivates his listeners. How many of the present-day frequenters of Tattersall's Club can call to mind the last horse-race decided on the present trotting track of the New South Wales Trotting Club? This subject cropped up the other day, and Mr. Hall was able to inform his listeners of the rather unusual manner in which horseracing was ushered out at Lilybridge, subsequently known as the Epping track, and now referred to as Harold Park. In the race in question two horses—Matador and La Hogue—ran a dead heat for first. They ran off, and again a dead heat was recorded. In the second run-off La Hogue scored from Matador. So did the curtain fall on horseracing, as distinct from trotting, at Harold Park. A story was also told of Mr. Hall's first venture into betting in running, if this incident may be so styled. While only a small boy, he was, as he always has been, a keen follower of sculling. On one occasion, when Bill Beach and Neil Mattherson met, young Hall was located at the finishing point with two carrier pigeons, and he was to release one of these to indicate who won the sculling match. The pigeon would fly home, and young Hall's family would be made aware of the result, as quickly as possible. When the scullers were a mile

and a half from the winning post young Hall arrived at the conclusion that Beach would win, and he allowed the "Beach" bird to escape and carry the news of the result actually long before the finishing point was reached. Beach won in due course. This has been described as Mr. Hall's first "bet in running."

Mr. Frank Doherty has retired from the general management of the Australian Paper Mills. However, he will continue as a director of this concern while he will still figure as managing director of the Cumberland Paper Mills.

Mr. E. J. Tait is now en route to England via America. He will probably be absent for six months. Mr. Tait is predicted by his friends to refrain from making the trip a purely holiday venture.

Advice is to hand from London that Mr. Lionel Dare, one of Sydney's legal lights, and also a member of Tattersall's Club, is enjoying himself in the world metropolis.

It is no new experience for Mr. R. Price to capture a billiard tournament, although his success at the expense of Mr. W. Kelso last week was the first occasion on which he triumphed in a Tattersall's Club tourney. A few years ago he was runner-up in Tattersall's Club tournament, and prior to that was twice successful in Newcastle Tattersall's Club tournaments. Mr. Price is a well-known bookmaker, and his wife is the owner of Eillom, a winner at Randwick.

Mr. Norman Mendies has a store of reminiscences. Many of these are humorous, and recently Mr. Mendies told a good story against himself. He had a horse engaged in a hurdle race at Randwick, and this runner was regarded as the best of good things. His jockey was a horseman who, while a capable fellow, had been unfortunate, and, to descend to the racing vernacular, had reached that stage where he could do nothing right. However, Mr. Mendies told the jockey that he was "on" the prize money—nearly £500—if he could win. As the last hurdle was reached, Mr. Mendies' "good thing" had the race as good as won, but the horseman, in his anxiety, caused the horse to bungle the jump, and he was beaten. After the race the jockey came to Mr. Mendies and, while he was positively crying, he upbraided the owner, and accused him of being the cause of the loss. "If you hadn't told me I was on a 'monkey,' I would have won," he informed Mr. Mendies. The occasion was too big for the jockey, who was out of luck. What a "good thing" was this horse was subsequently proved when he scored on the flat as well as over hurdles.

In keeping with the times, Randwick is the Mecca. Mr. Cecil Anderson is again a familiar figure at the club. Whether it is in the main club room or the card room he invariably has his friends in an excellent frame of mind with his stories of doings in Casino

The Winning Double!

PARTAGAS
HAVANA
CIGARS
&
RIOMM
The Monarch of Australian
WINES

Obtainable from
RIOMM WINE COMPANY
54 Margaret Street, Sydney

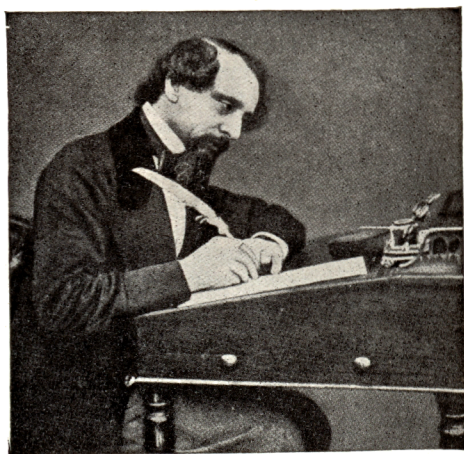
COLORS:
Amber Body,
White Cap



It has a perfect pedigree—a cross of Malt and Hops. There is no secret about this "good thing," although it has been "bottled up" for some time.

TOOHEYS
STAG LAGER
The *Pure* Lager

THE SPIRIT OF
The Great Novelist



DICKENS

DICKENS'S

CELEBRATED
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY



THIS WHISKY IS USED IN
PREFERENCE TO OTHERS
BY ALL CONNISSEURS

Charles Butland

Sole Agents
Harrison & Attwood
NETT
1 PINT 6 FLUID OZS. *Sydney*

and in Brisbane. After the "big" racing at Randwick terminates until the Christmas carnival comes along for decision, Mr. Anderson's conspicuous voice and hearty laugh will be missed.

* * *

That strong advocate of the charms of Dubbo, Mr. C. W. Rogan, is again visiting Sydney. But racing is the only attraction, apart from the surf, that Sydney boasts for this Dubbo sportsman, who is always anxious to get away home again.

* * *

While Mr. Ted. Henkel does not visit the Club to any great extent—probably because of his duties as conductor of the orchestra at the Capitol Theatre—he is particularly well known to the many movie fans among the membership of Tattersall's Club. To many of these it will come as a surprise to learn that Mr. Henkel is a member of the Club. Mr. Henkel is to leave Sydney shortly, having linked up with a prominent Auckland theatrical proprietor. What will prove Sydney's loss will prove Auckland's gain, because Mr. Henkel has the happy knack of pleasing his audiences.

* * *

It fell to a member of Tattersall's Club, in Brigadier-General H. W. Lloyd, member for Parramatta, to move the Address-in-Reply to the Governor's speech in the State Parliament recently. It was the new member's maiden speech, and the consensus of opinion was that he will prove an impressive speaker and will not detract from the talking capabilities of the House. While Brigadier-General Lloyd had to contend with a number of interjections, he came through his task with flying colours.

* * *

Among the visitors to Sydney for the Spring racing carnival is Mr. G. D. Greenwood. A few years ago Mr. Greenwood's magnet was Gloaming, the greatest stake-earner to be associated with the Australasian turf. Now a three-year-old in Honour has seen fit to bring the Dominion sportsman on another visit to Sydney.

* * *

Sydney sportsmen to return from world tours during the past month include Mr. Percy Miller, the Kia-Ora studmaster. Mr. Miller reached Sydney by the Aorangi on September 16, and was present at Randwick the same afternoon to see Mollison win Tattersall's Club's Chelmsford Stakes. Mr. Miller not only traversed England, but he returned via America, and saw a good deal of the latter country. Mr. Miller was accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Miller.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Roles, after having spent two months in London, have left England on a cruise to Norway and Sweden. They intend spending some time on the Continent before returning to Australia about Christmas time.

* * *

Among the guests at the Royal Garden Party, held at Buckingham Palace on July 25, were the following members of Tattersall's Club:—Messrs. J. A. Roles, J. Jacobson, and John Henderson. In each case our members were accompanied by their wives; Mr. Jacobson being also accompanied by Miss M. Jacobson.

Obituary

Mr. Robert Cumming.

We regret to have to note the death on 23rd Sept., of a popular member of the club, Mr. Robert Cumming. For some time the late gentleman had resided at Mosman, and he was well and favourably known in business and sporting circles. He was a member of the firm of McKinlay and Cumming, Ltd., boot manufacturers.

Mr. Cumming was a native of Scotland, having been born at Kilmarnock, and at the time of his death was 58 years of age. As a young man he went from the old country to New Zealand, and for some time lived at Dunedin. In his early twenties he left the Dominion and settled in Melbourne, where he helped to establish the well-known firm of Stone Bros. and Cumming, boot manufacturers.

In 1912 Mr. Cumming came to Sydney, and joining Mr. J. McKinlay, the firm of McKinlay and Cumming came into being.

Our late member was a keen sportsman, and he was associated with both yachting and golf interests.

Interment took place at the South Head Cemetery, when a very large number of friends attended to pay their last respects.

Mr. Cumming is survived by Mrs. Cumming, to whom the club's sympathy is extended.

A World's Record!

If there is any Life Office in the world, the bonuses of which compare with the City Mutual Life, we would be happy to exchange congratulations

Are YOU Prepared for the Future?

If not, let me explain to you the advantages of the City Mutual Life Assurance Policies and Bonuses.

SEE

FRANK PUNCH

62 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY

Between 9-10 a.m., 1-2 p.m.
Phones B 4931. Private Y 2921.

*Knowledge,
Experience, and
The Art of Selling*

*are an assurance to clients of
Successful Sales*

W. A. LITTLE
AND
McILVEEN

Auctioneers and Valuers



MASONIC CLUB CHAMBERS
169 CASTLEREAGH ST.,
(Between Market and Park Streets)

Phones MA1227, UW9463.

Make Your Will

It is the duty of every man who has the welfare of his wife and children at heart to make a Will. But the making of a Will, alone, does not always safeguard the future of those dependent on him. He needs as an Executor one who has a knowledge of the duties involved, who will not die, or speculate and who will devote his whole time and attention to his work.

Permanent Trustee Coy. OF N.S.W. LTD.

has for over 41 years acted as Executors and Trustees, and during this period the Company has managed all classes of Estates.

*Our interesting Booklet, telling you
of the advantages to be derived by ap-
pointing this Company as your Trus-
tee will be sent post free on request.*

DIRECTORS:

O. E. FRIEND F. N. YARWOOD THOS. BUCKLAND
JAMES MOIR (Chairman) COL. T. F. RUTLEDGE
J. W. BARNES, Manager. E. V. T. WHITTLE, Asst. Mgr.



25 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

HENRY WOOLFE

ESTABLISHED 1862
**648-650 GEORGE STREET
SYDNEY.**

Tel. M.4951

(3 Lines.)

**Purveyors of
Choicest Meat
and
Poultry.**



**Manufacturers of
Sausages
and
Small Goods.**

Club Notes

Tattersall's Club Races

At the last meeting of the committee the programme for Tattersalls Club Annual Race Meeting, to be held on 28th December, 1929, and 1st January, 1930, was approved, and it is now in the hands of the printers.

Entries for the principal events, the Carrington Stakes (£1,500 added) and Tattersall's Club Cup (£2,000) will be received up till 4 p.m. on 25th November, 1929.

Entries for minor events will close at 4 p.m. on 9th December, 1929.

Programmes will be posted to owners, trainers, and all other interested parties as soon as they are received from the printers.

* * *

Domino Championship

The committee has decided to delay the commencement of the Domino Championship until 14th November, 1929, and to extend the time for the receipt of nominations until the 28th instant.

As announced in our previous issue, entries will close with the Secretary, and the entry fee, which must accompany nomination, is half-a-crown. Mr. P. Gapper has kindly donated two trophies, valued respectively at £7/7/- and £3/3/-, and competition for these first and second prizes in the championship is sure to add much interest to play.

* * *

Theatre Bookings

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. J. C. Williamson, Ltd., Union Theatres, Ltd., Hoyts, Ltd., Prince Edward Theatre and the Grand Opera House to accept on behalf of Club members bookings over the telephone and to hold the tickets until five minutes before the start of performances.

* * *

Dinner Concerts

Are to be held on the following dates:—Monday, October 7th; Wednesday, October 9th; and Saturday, October 12th, such dates having been arranged so as to coincide with the Randwick Spring Racing Carnival. The concerts are to commence at 6.30, and will conclude at 7.45 p.m.

* * *

Visitors Entertained

On Thursday, 26th September, Mr. C. E. Brown, managing agent of the Matson line of steamers, Captain Meyer, Chief Engineer Knudsen, and the Doctor and Purser of the A.M.S. Ventura were entertained at the club at luncheon by a few of their friends who comprised Messrs. S. Baker, C. Bartlett, R. W. Evans, Joe Gardiner, J. T. Hackett, C. E. Hall, H. G. Hall, A. C. Ingham, G. Marlow, W. E. Newton, F. Paul, Geo. Price, J. H. Saunders, M. Samuels, O. S. Wilson, O. F. Wetzler, J. Wyatt, and H. E. White.

Inter-Club Tournament

Commercial Travellers' Association v. Tattersall's Club. 25th September, 1929.

On the evening of 25th September a party of twenty members of Tattersall's Club were the guests of the Commercial Travellers' Club, and took part in friendly competitions, the result of which are given below.

Mr. C. A. Gibson, vice-president of the Commercial Travellers' Club, extended a cordial welcome to the visitors, and Mr. Frank Underwood, the official representative of Tattersall's Club, at the conclusion of the games thanked Mr. Gibson for his kindly remarks and the C.T. Club generally for its hospitality. Our representative expressed the hope that Tattersall's Club would be able at an early date to return the compliment, and to arrange a meeting for a further series of games in bridge, dominoes, billiards, and snooker among the members of Tattersall's Club and their hospitable rivals.

Bridge.

H. E. Cantor and A. A. Marks (T.C.) beat V. Benjamin and C. A. Gibson (C.T.A.) by 223. V. Burleigh and W. Dalley (T.C.) beat W. O. Braid and D. L. Coleman (C.T.A.) by 400. P. Balmain and C. O. Thompson (C.T.A.) beat C. Anderson and A. E. Grounds (T.C.) by 34. D. N. Alexander and A. Langley (T.C.) beat D. Smith and L. T. West (C.T.A.) by 67.

Dominoes.

S. Moss, L. Lavenstein, R. Cohen, L. Henderson, H. Glad and C. Field (C.T.A.) beat F. G. Underwood, P. Gapper, W. Thomas, M. Gearin, and J. M. Forsyth (T.C.) by 125.

Billiards: 200 up.

W. Longworth (T.C.) beat C. Spencer (C.T.A.) by 139. C. E. Young (T.C.) beat C. Hatton (C.T.A.) by 17. A. J. Benjamin (C.T.A.) beat R. H. Alderson (T.C.) by 22.

Snooker, 2 Games. Aggregate Score.

J. A. Kenyon (T.C.) beat R. Burberry (C.T.A.) by 8. H. Robertson (T.C.) beat J. Bruce (C.T.A.) by 48. H. Normoyle (T.C.) beat E. Johns (C.T.A.) by 7.

* * *

Billiard Tournament, 1929

The result of the first round of the Club billiard tournament, 1929, is as under, some of the games having been of a most interesting character:—

M. P. Davis, rec. 90 beat "Kinneil," rec. 10, by 90; M. Faul, rec. 90 beat A. Dobson, rec. 95, by forfeit; "Macleay," rec. 150 beat A. G. Madden, rec. 150, by forfeit; "Pocket," rec. 120 beat "G.J.W.," rec. 45, by forfeit; J. B. Davis, rec. 80 beat J. H. Sears, rec. 25, by forfeit; R. Price, rec. 75, beat W. R. Dovey, rec. 100, by 33; "Dexter," rec. 105 beat S. E. Chatterton, rec. 25, by forfeit; E. Moss, rec. 90 beat L. McNeil, rec. 75, by 27; J. L. Normoyle, rec. 50 beat I. Staggs, rec. 150,

REMEMBER—

"FRESH FOOD"Products, *viz*:

**Milk, Cream, Butter
Ice, Bread and Rolls**

ARE THE BEST OBTAINABLE.

They are used exclusively at
Tattersall's Club Dining Rooms
and all other leading Cafes
and Clubs.

Daily deliveries everywhere.

Phone M 2981 and Cart will call.

The N.S.W. Fresh Food & Ice**COMPANY LIMITED****HARBOUR STREET, SYDNEY.**

**BLACK
AND
WHITE**

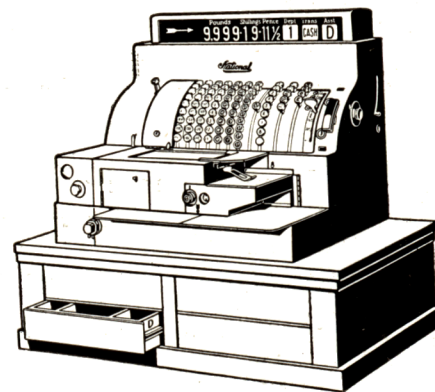
IS
**ALWAYS
RIGHT**

*When you are worried about things in your Store,
and when you can't balance the cash—are you able
to satisfactorily decide why?*

*Was it somebody's fault? Or was it the system of
handling the transactions?*

*Wouldn't it pay you to know positively that you
received every penny coming in over your
counter?*

*An up-to-date National Cash Register System
will solve your problems and give you full con-
trol over your business, without any worry or
detail work. Let us explain how.*

**The National Cash Register Company of Australasia Ltd.****Head Office: 119 BATHURST STREET, SYDNEY**

OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

by 53; C. E. Young, owes 15 beat R. C. Cathels, rec. 100, by forfeit; W. Dalley, rec. 95 beat T. Frost, rec. 85, by 21; W. Kelso, rec. 60 beat "J.D.P.," rec. 100, by 43; J. J. Hackett, rec. 70 beat "Corra Lynn," rec. 70, by 23; H. England, rec. 100 beat "Eldo," rec. 100, by 60; "Cremorne," rec. 85 beat J. T. Hackett, rec. 125, by 2; J. Kelso, rec. 125 beat "Istria," owes 10, forfeit.

* * *

The result of the second round was as follows:—
H. England (rec. 100) beat "Pocket" (rec. 120) by 3;
J. B. Davis (rec. 80) beat C. E. Young (owes 15) by 27;
W. Kelso (rec. 60) beat "Cremorne" (rec. 85) by 44;
R. Price (rec. 75) beat "Dexter" (rec. 105) by 69;
M. P. Davis (rec. 90) beat J. L. Normoyle (rec. 50) by 41;
J. Kelso (rec. 125) beat E. Moss (rec. 90) by 15;
W. Dalley (rec. 95) beat M. Faul (rec. 90) by 17;
"Macleay" (rec. 150) beat J. Hackett (rec. 70) by 14.

The third round resulted as under:—

H. England, received 100 beat "Macleay," received 150, by 8.

W. Kelso, received 60, beat W. Dalley, received 95, by 11.

J. Kelso, received 126, beat J. B. Davis, received 80, by 36.

R. Price, received 75, beat M. P. Davis, received 90, by 101.

The draw for semi-finals was as follows:—

R. Price receives 75, v J. Kelso, receives 125.

W. Kelso, receives 60, v. H. England, receives 100.

The result of the semi-finals was as follows:—

R. Price, received 75, beat J. Kelso, received 125.

W. Kelso, received 60, beat H. England, received 100.

Final.

R. Price, received 75, beat W. Kelso, received 60, by 104.

* * *

INTER-CLUB CHALLENGE CUP BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

Play in the above tournament was continued on Tuesday evening, when Tattersall's Club team met the Millions Club "A" team at the Millions Club.

Results:—

Bloom and Vandenberg (T.C.) beat Bignell and Stallman (M.C. "A") by 1,295 points.

Cornish and Levy (M.C. "A") beat Marks and Cantor (T.C.) by 222 points.

Green and Anderson (T.C.) beat Henderson and Joseph (M.C. "A") by 52 points.

Crane and Linden (M.C. "A") beat Langley and Alexander by 175 points.

Average nett plus, 237.5 points per pair.

Tattersall's Club team will play the Commercial Travellers' Club team at Tattersall's Club on the 29th inst.

The tournament is for a cup which is to be won outright, and, in addition, there will be substantial prizes for the highest score by a pair in any one match and for the most consistent pair.

Changes of Address.—Members are particularly requested to notify the Secretary of the Club immediately upon changing their address. It is a rule of the office that all communications are posted to the last-known address. Will members please carefully note this request, and thus save themselves much inconvenience?

* * *

TATTERSALL'S CLUB -- SYDNEY

LIST OF MEMBERS ELECTED ON 16th SEPTEMBER, 1929.

E. P. M. Sheedy, Frank Loneon, L. P. Knox, W. K. Garnsey, A. E. Pierce, G. L. Baldick, Fredk. A. B. Peters, H. J. Morris, B. Dowling, W. C. Foster, Albert L. Lane, W. A. McDonald, James Barden, Jnr.

30th SEPTEMBER, 1929.

C. A. R. Aikman, N. R. Conroy, D. A. Fell, C. F. Hollander, W. F. Marshall, H. Moore, R. C. Singer, F. C. Stephen, F. Wilson, M. A. Wolf, F. L. Bragg, C. M. Barkel.

* * *

VISITING MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Messrs. F. Bonnor, P. Mason, H. Bill, W. H. Tripe, E. C. Leary, Frank Clark, B. H. Edkins, G. Magnus, K. D. Duncan, R. M. Cox, Wm. Anderson, N.Z.; Capt. Seeley, London; H. Fay, Brisbane; W. W. Aitcheson, Calcutta; M. Curtis, Melbourne; R. H. Edkins, Brisbane; E. M. Robinson, Melbourne; U. F. McCabe, W. M. Dupain, W. T. M. Barnett, N.Z.; J. R. Kinsman, Melbourne; E. J. Johnson, U.S.A.; C. White, Brisbane; Rev. Father Farthing, N.Z.; Messrs. Thos. Baird, N.Z.; T. Burns, E. A. Kenney, Brisbane; F. Brady, Perth; C. C. Newton, New York; P. J. Flannagan, U. Shannon, G. P. Payne, N.Z.; L. V. Nicol, Queensland; R. Peacock, Albury; J. J. Casey, J. McMillan, Melbourne; E. Davis, N.Z.; H. Greville, M. O'Brien, A. O. Wellwood, Melbourne; W. Kitson, R. H. Montgomery, J. McGregor, G. Springhall, N.Z.; T. Nevitt, Papua; R. T. Reid, H. R. MacKenzie, W. Higgins, W. Garrett, N.Z.; F. Mollard, Melbourne; J. G. O'Kane, Brisbane.

* * *

Swimming Pool: With the advent of warmer weather the number of those patronising the swimming pool is increasing, and already the value and convenience of the direct buffet service which has been established in the athletic department is being generally recognised. We take another opportunity of pointing out that in all probability members do not realise to the full the great advantage accruing from regular exercise. During the hot, humid months of the year no more welcome break in the day can well be imagined than a dip before lunch in the swimming pool. Undoubtedly the possession of that feature makes up one of the most enjoyable adjuncts of the Club premises.

Residential: The residential section of the Club is fully booked up by members who are in town for the Spring Racing Carnival. The general excellence of the accommodation and service supplied is being widely recognised.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820-
Still going Strong

The whisky that has made
and kept more friends than
any other whisky in the
world.



WORLD FAMED "BOSCA" RACE SADDLERY



Race with
the BEST and
WIN!

"Bosca" Race Saddles and Equip-
ment have been used and proved
in all the world's important races,
by leading amateurs and profes-
sionals.

If you are interested in Race
Saddles, tackle or requisites for
training and racing horses, "Bosca"
Saddlery can supply.

FRANK ARNOLD

143 CASTLEREAGH ST. -- SYDNEY, N.S.W.

THE LARGEST AND BEST

Art Dyers, Dry Cleaners and Carpet Cleaners

IN AUSTRALIA.

Charges Exceptionally Moderate.
Country Mail Orders Receive Prompt and
Careful Attention.

Poullars'

Head Office and Works:

98-108 ALBION STREET, SYDNEY.

RECEIVING DEPOTS:

116 King Street, Sydney.
163 Oxford Street, Bondi
Junction.
12 Bayswater Rd, King's
Cross.
4 Spit Road, Mosman.

313 Penshurst Street, Wil-
loughby.
Liverpool Road, Ashfield.
185a Military Road, Neu-
tral Bay Junction.



Good Morning!

Everybody happy? Really, truly, dyed-in-the-
wool happy? There's one easy way. Just two
teaspoonsful of Fruit-Y-Sal in a glass of clear
water every morning and you'll feel like a gam-
boling lamb. Make Fruit-Y-Sal your morning
pal.

Fruit-Y-Sal

The Good Morning Health Drink

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 2/-.

Thoughts about Thinking

To try and do one's own thinking is sometimes hard work. It takes time, some leisure and quiet concentration to think out things, and it is only a man's own thinking which really means anything. Was not that man a deep thinker who said that most of the evil in the world comes from the inability of men to sit quiet in a room?

And when one comes to think of it, are we not always attracted by men whose views, even if often unorthodox, and possibly erroneous, reflect clearly the qualities of hard and constructive thinking on human systems and the great game of organising life and society to its best advantage?

Is it not true that the great thing about real education is that it compels a man, even against his will, to be perfectly honest with his own mind, never imagining or persuading himself that he understands or can express adequately what he has only half thought out? Do any of us think enough of all those achievements of modern life which we could now hardly do without? Commerce, now an intricate problem of science and finance, arises out of the simple needs of mankind for food, clothing, shelter, light and warmth. It seems simple when so stated, but do we sufficiently reflect on the thought and organisation involved in giving, say, the population of Sydney and its suburbs daily sustenance in the way of food and drink? For example, do we think out for ourselves some of the ordinary problems of our modern civilisation, such as the steps by which the world's cotton and wool goes to clothe the Australian and other nations, the steps whereby wheat and meat and fruit reaches our dining tables, the steps which make us sailors of the Seven Seas and the upper airs, which carry our messages—and now even our voices—over continents and oceans, and which enable us in Sydney to hear a Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey. Verily, wireless has brought home the wonderful significance of Kipling's line, "The Abbey makes us we."

Or, diving into deeper subjects, do we ever try sufficiently to get at the bedrock facts of such a problem set us by the reflection that nine-tenths of the habitable world is under white domination, that out of every seven people which belong to the British Empire six of them are black or coloured and that we now have the spectacle of white people ruling a world that is not white and that at a time when there is a great development of race consciousness taking place among the black and coloured nations amid circumstances in Asia and Africa which, to say the least, are alarming?

One fancies that it would be well if we endeavoured to understand, by thinking them out as logically as possible, not only the simple things we do, and the ordinary happenings of every-day life around us, but their implications, which may have consequences outside the original reckoning. It would do us no harm if we examined a little more closely and as free as possible of the common distractions of our politics and

our prejudices various facts in commerce and industry which get less attention than strikes other sensational happenings.

The fact is, with most of us, we talk and write, filtering our words, often of necessity, through a second-hand knowledge derived from other peoples' books and other peoples sayings before us. Certainly it is easier to float with the current than swim against it. Playing up to their readers' prepossessions and prejudices makes for greater popularity, quicker and larger sales, and newspapers and authors have to make a living! Popularity, in the modern newspaper sense, is based largely on how you chime in with such prepossessions and prejudices. Discover a strong current of public opinion, a wise or foolish one, no matter. Swim with it, and you are on your way to a mammoth circulation, with resultant profits from the advertisement columns. The natural result of this sort of thing is that the majority of newspaper readers go through life without question, content to burn incense to the business ideal of a large income, to share in what physical happiness comes their way. They accept the beliefs of others and harbour the prejudices of their neighbours. They bow before current opinions, however mistaken and fallacious, and do not care to oppose popular causes. Is it not true that a lazy acquiescence marks the mental attitude of the majority of us?

A KOWLOON JUNK.

Day dawns on Hong Kong, the first rays of sunshine gleaming on the dew-clad slopes of the island. Away to the north, on the mainland, Mount Tam-o-shan raises his cloudy head above the brown hills. A white mist hangs over the blue waters of the harbour, giving a phantom appearance to the shipping. The white cruisers of the China Fleet spring to life at the reveille; over at Kowloon the winches begin to rattle aboard a tall Pacific "Empress"; whilst here and there the little Chinese sampans go about their leisurely business with women toiling at their oars.


John Chinaman is in no hurry. What cares he for steel hulls and smoking funnels? Sail and oar have served him well enough since the days when Europe was still shrouded in the darkness of savagery. Wherefore should he change?

A loud creaking and groaning, accompanied by human grunts, comes from a big three-masted junk at Kowloon. She is weighing anchor—a strenuous business with the Chinese equivalent of a capstan: a horizontal winch fixed across the bow, with long spokes at either end on which the men work, heaving the upper bars with their hands and pushing down the lower ones with their feet. The chain tautens; the winch gives a louder groan and the men a louder grunt. Then a sudden jerk indicates that the anchor is free. A few more turns and it is clear of the water, a strange thing resembling a triple fish-hook or a grappling-iron. It is left dangling from the gunwale, and the chain is made fast. The crew take to the oars.—"L.W.P."


Telephones : M 4955, M 4956

Ross Bros. Ltd.

Colour & General
PRINTERS




CARTON AND LABEL SPECIALISTS.



545-547 KENT STREET
SYDNEY

Hillview Laundry Ltd.


Renny Lane (off Regent St.),
PADDINGTON



For a prompt and distinctive Laundry Service, ring
Phone - F 2449

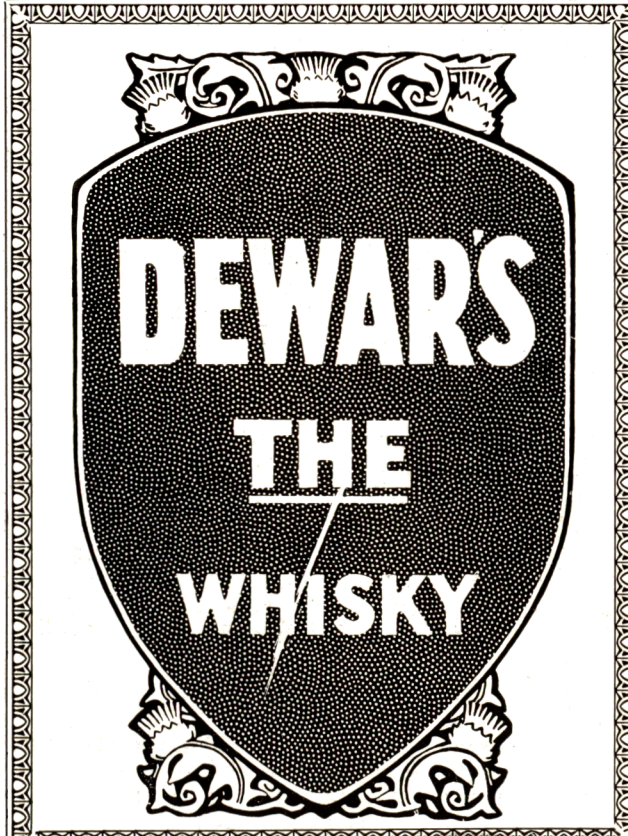

SPECIALISTS.

In Dress Shirts and Collar Work



Dry Cleaners, Pressers and Expert Launderers.
Personal and Household.

Same Day Service if required.
Carts pick up and deliver everywhere.

DEWAR'S
THE
WHISKY

TRY	
	<p>BLUE COD</p> <p>A fish meal is wholesome and easily digested. And what fish is more tempting and satisfying than Smoked New Zealand Blue Cod? Enjoy Mark "S" Smoked Blue Cod when next you dine at the Club. Tasty, nourishing, you'll like Mark "S" Blue Cod more than any fish dish you've ever tried before.</p>
	 <p>Mark S Smoked New Zealand Blue Cod</p> <p>Sole Curers and Distributors: Marks & Co. Ltd., Regent Lane, Redfern</p>

Purchase of Stud Stock

Mr. Percy Miller's Experiences Abroad

Mr. Percy Miller, the Kia-Ora studmaster, and one of the foremost breeders in Australia, has just returned from a tour of England. Mr. Miller, whilst abroad, acquired a number of valuable stud horses. Foremost among these is Caledon, who will be put to the stud in the coming season.

Mr. Miller says he made the trip to England for two important reasons, one being to endeavour to select a stallion and mares to improve the standard of Kia-Ora Stud; the other to see how racing and breeding establishments are conducted in the old country. "It is generally contended, and I think very rightly so," he said, "that unless our studs are constantly replenished with imported stock we will find, in a very few generations, that our local thoroughbreds will deteriorate in quality and class. The difficulties of replenishment, however, are great. Soon after arriving in England I got into touch with the leading agents for particulars of the horses they had for sale. I was rather surprised to find that no likely horses could be quoted me. In England, I was told, it was not the custom to list horses for private sale, and if I wanted to purchase valuable stock my only means was to visit as many race meetings, training establishments and studs as possible, note what appealed to me in these different spheres, and then to come back to the agent and instruct him to make enquiries whether the animals I had noted could be purchased or not.

"This round-about procedure quite damped my ardour for a time, as the field to be covered was an extensive one, and it appeared highly probable that I would select many horses with slender chances of any of them being available. However, I was lucky enough to purchase Caledon. The horse was not for sale when I reached England, and it was a pure fluke that I saw him at all. Through the courtesy of Lord Wolavington, I was invited with some friends to visit his wonderful stud, Lavington Park. We had a very delightful day, seeing all the mares, the lavish appointments, which were all-inspiring from an Australian's viewpoint, and, last but by no means least, the wonderful stallions representing the best of the tried and untried sires in England—Hurry On and his son, Coronach. Caledon, who was spelling there, was shown us in the ordinary tour of inspection.

"On our way home in the car it occurred to me that Lord Wolavington would probably find no use for this good-looking young horse on account of having his brother, Coronach, duly established at his stud. The feeling that he could be bought therefore seemed reasonable the more I considered it. On making inquiries, however, I was informed that the horse was not for sale. Nevertheless, I determined to make an offer for him. The offer was not accepted. I was now very keen on the horse, so I made a second and very substantial offer for him, and left for Paris for a few days, hoping for the best. My stay on the Continent was made very pleasant by the receipt of a cable from England advising that Lord Wolavington had agreed to

accept my second offer for his horse. Only for the chance trip down to Lavington Park to see Hurry On and the stud I would never have been in a position to have seen Caledon, let alone purchase him.

"I have at Kia-Ora stud a young Spearmint horse with whom I have great hopes, in Spelthorne, and naturally was delighted to see the success of his family in England. I think Mr. Sol Joel's colt, Kopi, is one of the best three-year-olds in England. In the Derby he got away last in the big field, made a wonderful run on the outside, and, when in a winning position at Tattenham Corner, unfortunately fell. He then went over to Ireland and won the Irish Derby in effortless fashion. He was ineligible to run in the St. Leger, which I personally think he would have won. He is by Spearmint's son, Spion Kop, from a daughter of a half-sister to Pretty Polly, the grand-dam of Spelthorne, who is by Spearmint himself.

"Golden Silence, who ran second in the Oaks, is out of a half-sister to Spelthorne's dam, whereas Sister Anne, who ran third, is a half-sister to him. The Oaks proved the most felicitous race for me during my trip, as I had a small investment on Penny Come Quick, the winner, who, by the way, is by Hurry On, the sire of Caledon, while the second and third in the race made me more keen than ever on Spelthorne by their close relation to him.

(Glenkinchie)

GK

The best Scotch

SOLE AUSTRALIAN AGENTS:
HARBOTTLE BROWN & CO. LTD.
 21 Lang Street, Sydney.

VICHY WATER CELESTINS

Renowned the whole world over as the best preventive for Gout, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney complaints.

Owned and Guaranteed by French Government.

Beware of Imitations. Insist on Celestins.

Sole Australian Agent:

M. PELLETIER, 16 Bridge Street, Sydney.

SID. BAKER

Tattersall's Club, Sydney.
Victorian Club, Melbourne.

**Books Open on all Important
Events**

Sufficient Address:

SID. BAKER :: SYDNEY

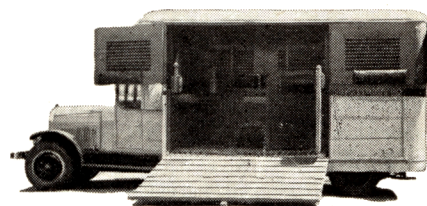
Wear the Best!

TOWN TALK

**Exclusive
SHOES FOR MEN**

265 PITT STREET, NEXT ROYAL ARCADE.
61 CASTLEREAGH STREET, NEXT THEATRE ROYAL.
3 IMPERIAL ARCADE.

Horse Floats



All classes of Stock conveyed to any destination
at any hour.

Phone: FX 2458

LIVE STOCK MOTOR TRANSPORT CO.

Cnr. Addison Street and Anzac Parade
KENSINGTON, SYDNEY.

ALF. BURTON

"The Sporting Printer"

194 PITT ST., SYDNEY

**Betting Bags, Books, Stools
and all
Bookmakers' Sundries**

JIM HACKETT J. T. HACKETT ALEX. WILLIAMS

Members of Tattersalls Club, Sydney; Victorian Club, Melbourne; and Tattersalls Club, Perth, W.A. Our reputation stands alone for Largest Amounts, Liberal Prices, and Prompt Settlements.

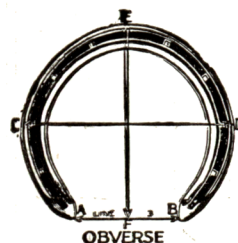
Clients are particularly requested on Race Days to make all telegrams "Urgent."

Operating on all Government Licensed Racecourses.

Address Communications:

J. HACKETT, Sydney.

Cable Address: "HACKWILL" Sydney.

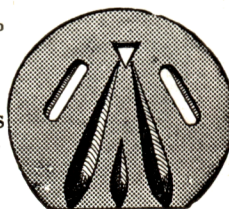


OBVERSE

If you wish to win races with bad-footed or bad-legged horses

USE DOWNIE'S
PATENT RUB-
BER HORSE-
SHOE PAD.

Price 25/- Pair



REVERSE

Use appended self-measuring form. Take ordinary working shoe and measure from A to B, C to D, and E to F.

Andrew Downie & Co.

206 ANZAC PARADE, KENSINGTON, SYDNEY.

Phone L 2873 & 2874

T. J. ANDREWS

Motor Funeral Director

Head Office and Funeral Parlors:

**21 to 25 Enmore Road
NEWTOWN**

In the Card Room

Auction Bridge—Where "Ducking" Proved Effective

A game of auction bridge played at the Club one evening last week not only decided the fate of the rubber, but it furnished an illustration of three points of play. These were the application of the camouflage informatory double, the advisability of "ducking" on occasion, and the foolishness of switching the lead aimlessly in attack against a no-trumper. The hands were dealt as follow:—

N.		E (dealer).	
Spades: K 8 7		Spades: A 9 6 5	
Hearts: K 9		Hearts: 8 7	
Diamonds: 9 8 7		Diamonds: A J 6 5	
Clubs: A 9 7 6 5		Clubs: K 4 3	
W.		S	
Spades: J 10 2		Spades: Q 4 3	
Hearts: Q 5 4 3 2		Hearts: A J 10 6	
Diamonds: 3 2		Diamonds: K Q 10 4	
Clubs: J 10 8		Clubs: Q 2	

E. bid "one diamond." He might have ventured into the no-trump department, but he was content to play safe, realising that with two aces in his hand he had a sound call of "one diamond."

The score was game all and nothing below the line in the deciding game. N. realised that the call of "one diamond" was not going to do much harm, and, rather than run any risk, he passed. There was no hope of W. bidding "no trump," even though his partner's call of a diamond was quite in order. He certainly had five hearts, but they were a poor lot. W. also passed, and the bid of "one diamond" came to S. The latter was anxious to take the game if possible, and, realising that he had the diamond call guarded twice, he decided to double the diamond call.

This was a reverse or camouflage double of one of

a suit bid, accepted as a convention and classified among the imformatory doubles. Such a double generally means a holding of a singleton or none at all of the suit double, but S. was prepared, if his partner took out the double into two clubs, to call "two no-trumps," thereby correcting any false impression he might have given his partner before any damage was done. His bidding of no-trumps would be a sufficient indication to his partner that the informatory double was of the camouflage variety, with a double guard in the suit doubled.

E. passed, and it was essential that N. bid "two clubs," which he did, and W. passed, leaving S. to go into "two no-trumps," and this was the declaration.

E., on the bidding, placed the king and queen of diamonds in S.'s hand, and, as he wanted the suit led up to his ace-knave, if at all possible, he opened his second-four suit and led the small spade. S. was not too keen on this lead. He could not tell whether E. (the leader) held the ace, although he suspected it from the bidding, as E. ought to hold it to justify his original diamond calls. S. played low from dummy. W. played the 10 (the lower or lowest of cards touching or in sequence) and S. won with the queen. If diamonds were not led to him, S. could see only seven tricks made up of one diamond, two spades (but only if E. held the ace), one club and three hearts, even if he could finesse the queen of hearts in W.'s hand. There was no hope of winning the rubber unless he could scure an additional two tricks. However, it struck S. that by "ducking" there was a possibility of his making three tricks in clubs, provided E. and W. each held three of that suit. And so he went for this long shot in order to try and secure the rubber. He led the queen of clubs without any intention of pressing. E. covered it with the king, hoping to make the jack or 10 good in his partner's hand. But S. played low from dummy instead of putting up the ace.

Undesirous of making the king of spades good in dummy and still not wanting to lead away from his diamonds, E. led a small heart, hoping to find W. able to take the trick and lead diamonds up to him. This heart lead gave S. a made-to-order free finesse of the queen of hearts, which W. obligingly put up, not wishing to finesse against his partner after dummy had played a small heart. S. took the trick with the ace of hearts and, feeling encouraged by the fact that he still had the king of hearts as a certain re-entry in dummy, he, of course, did not yet know the strength of that king of spades—he led his only club, and again played low, "ducking" for the second time in dummy by withholding the play of the aces. This time W. took the trick with his knave of clubs, and he immediately led a diamond. S. played the king—declarer is allowed to false-card, otherwise the queen should have been played—and E. won with the ace of diamonds. E. might here have played his ace of spades, but, hoping against hope, he led another heart. The king in

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE



Any suggestion that Club members deem advisable in order to popularise Tattersall's Club (Sydney) Magazine will be appreciated by the Editor. The latter will also be pleased to receive literary contributions from members who are invited to address them to: The Editor, Tattersall's Club (Sydney) Magazine, Box 27, Tattersall's Club, Sydney.

All Business Communications should be addressed to

The "Harbour" Newspaper Co. Ltd.

122 Chalmers Street, SYDNEY.

MANAGERS FOR THE MAGAZINE.

dummy took the trick, and then S. played the ace of clubs from dummy, discarding a diamond from his own hand, and the clubs fell, establishing two more club tricks in dummy, on which he discarded first the 10 of diamonds and then a small spade. Then he got back into his own hand on the queen of diamonds and made the jack and 10 of hearts, the last trick falling to E.'s ace of spades.

In this manner, S., by clever "ducking," got three no-trumps, taking the game and rubber.

After the game W. inquired of E. why, after opening spades, he switched on to hearts. E. replied: "S. would have finessed against your queen of hearts, anyhow." "But that's not the point," replied W. "Don't you see that he would be afraid to 'duck' in clubs if you established your 13th spade, even at the cost of

making his king in dummy? And, in any case, if he did, we must win two club tricks, a diamond, and two spade tricks, which saves game and rubber."

"A young couple had met only a few days and had become wonderfully attached to one another. At the end of the fourth day the girl was leaving for her home in the country, and she was at the railway station with the young man to see her off.

"You'll write to me every day, darling?" she asked.

"Sure," came the reply.

"And you'll think of me at all times?" she queried.

"Just then the train began to pull out and the young man rushed after the carriage and interrogated, 'Say, dear, what is your surname?'"



TUCKER & CO. LIMITED (AGENTS) ————— SYDNEY

A U S T R A L I A N J O C K E Y C L U B

Randwick Racecourse



Spring Meeting, 1929

5th, 7th, 9th and 12th OCTOBER

PRINCIPAL RACES

First Day, Saturday, October 5th.

A.J.C. Derby, £8000 added 1 Mile and a Half
The Epsom Handicap, £3000 added 1 Mile
The Spring Stakes, £2500 added 1 Mile and a Half

Second Day, Monday, October 7th.

The Breeders' Plate, £2000 added 5 Furlongs
The Metropolitan, £6000 added . . 1 Mile and 5 Furlongs

Third Day, Wednesday, October 9th.

The Craven Plate, £3000 added 1 Mile and a Quarter
The Gimcrack Stakes, £2000 added 5 Furlongs

Fourth Day, Saturday, October 12th.

The Randwick Plate, £2500 added 2 Miles

SPECIAL TRAMS DIRECT TO THE RACECOURSE.

6 Bligh Street,
SYDNEY.

C. W. CROPPER,
Secretary.



KING GEORGE IV.

"Superfine Gold Label"

Quality which can be confidently said to be
UNEQUALLED